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A GLIMPSE OF INDIAN RIVER.

COMING from a colder, more invigorating clime than that found within the limits of the Southern peninsular of the United States, and bringing prejudicial impressions regarding its enervating influences, and bringing also a dread of losing characteristic energy and vigor, as well as a determination not to do so, I entered Florida armed *cap-a-pie* to resist all charms that might be brought to bear upon me.

Life-long familiarity with the magnolias and yellow jessamines, the roses and the cypress of the sleepy, dreamy South, constituted my acquaintance with everything bearing a semblance to the tropics in the temperate zones. I had seen cotton bolls develop into lobes of soft whiteness; I had watched sugar-cane mature in a Southern sun, and had remained afar off from the land of snow, considering myself essentially Southern. Then with love for the Southland burning strong within, my spirit keenly alive to the beauties of the region before mentioned, with its traditions and customs impressed upon me from a happy childhood, one day I shook from my feet the yellow dust that is a dense cloud in summer and a deeper mud in winter, and—came to Indian River—a broad, beautiful stream that creeps along the eastern coast of Florida for one hundred and fifty miles, more a sound than a river, for it is an



arm of the sea, partaking of its blue and its brine, its fishes and its wonders. The river is two miles wide, and its channel without a curve for more than a hundred miles. Its clean, sandy bottom may be seen through the clear water that is amber when looked through and blue when looked upon. Its shores are bordered with a stratum of soft, yellowish rock known as *coquina*, something similar to coralline, and the teeming millions of fine, edible fishes make the stream the *summum bonum* of all the piscatorial sportsmen.

There are no hoary remnants of a long-existent civilization. The newness of the residences is startling and just a little disturbing. But there are tall, slim, old palm trees, graceful and grand, whose smooth boles, stretching in a dignified reach upward, ending in a feathery top-knot clearly outlined against



the sky, are aged beyond the ken of man. And there are circular holes in the rocks along the shore where long ago princes of palms had firm foundation, which only their wonderful age rendered them incapable of keeping.

Twenty-five years ago the peaceful hamlet was unbroken. In a magnificent stretch of near two hundred miles this smiling, beautiful stream threaded its way through a dense, heavy growth of tropical jungle, untrodden by any foot save that of a fleet deer, the sly panther or the wily red man. I often think of its somber beauty and its peaceful repose, and picture it to myself as it lay then in undisturbed solitude, by day giving back the sky its blue, its denizens in play beneath its limpid depths, its face rippled without a spectator by the tender touch of a Southern breeze, its bosom glided o'er by the swift canoe, and its

songs unheard and unknown save by the All-seeing and All-hearing, gazing in loving concern upon the fair result of his handiwork. Think of its silent beauty in moonlight and starshine, when the whippoorwills' songs sounded through the grove of palm and wild orange which blossomed, fruited and faded age after age in isolation, while the pulse of the great world throbbed and beat in its rapid progress, in a fever heat of business, pleasure, and excitement.

But that time has passed.



From the quiet glen of bird, beast and savage, of sun and fruit and tropics, the change has been rapid. First, there came the "squatter," who selected his location, cultivated the sour oranges, ate the wild fruits and game that abounded, and later began planting his crops—small grains and potatoes, that were easily produced and of quick maturity. Gradually others came, but none of the first and natural residents fled. They knew not yet that nineteenth century civilization means a disintegration of the joys of mere existence, and so staid on.

Ten years later there were respectable habitations, that is, houses with glass windows, floors and steps, and there were, perhaps, half-dozen stores or trading houses along the banks of the river and the population began rapidly to increase. But

the red man intuitively scented danger and retired further into the interior.

Even now, though, its beauty was unimpaired, for large, beautiful orange groves were "coming into bearing," big sailboats, like great, white birds, skimmed over the waters, and a little commerce was begun that kept them busy as the only transportation facilities.

Rare game still abounded, and the eye of the sportsman turned longingly in this direction, while the tales that went abroad concerning the fishing were marvels of rhetoric and sport, to say nothing of veracity.

Then these tales came to my ear, and I heard of the glories of these "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea"; I heard of the glorious tropical beauty, the luscious fruits, the delightful climate; I heard, too, of the dreary journey hither, the discomforts of a pioneer life, so I wrapped my rheumatic frame in a warmer shawl, drew my chair up nearer the good open fireplace where burned a grateful glare on bay and oak, and I—suffered on. But that was fifteen years ago. Ten years later I came to Indian River. Many changes the past five years have brought, and the section appears—not more beautiful nor poetic, but perhaps more agreeable, under existing conditions, to the present and prospective dweller on its shores.

There is the same rich tropical growth of palmetto, oak, cypress, pine and lemon, orange and lime. There is the same blue over head, the same climate, sportsmen's attractions, and delicious warmth, but now trade is lively, for we are in the very center of the great orange-producing belt, and the headquarters of Florida tourists.

There are more than a score of small towns and settlements about every five miles all along down, each with churches, schools, hotels and daily mails. There are hundreds of acres of orange and lemon groves and pineapple farms, and there are residences and hostelryes as elegant and commodious as American millionaires can command. A great premium is set on Indian River fruits of various kinds and they command a better market price than any other Florida fruit. The homes, whether in the towns or in a secluded spot, are bowers of marvelous beauty, and the gorgeous flower-yards most pleasing to the eye.

But the romantic features have all fled before progress and commerce. The Indian is seldom seen, as he lives further in the interior of the State. His war-cry and birch canoe, or "dugout," no longer disturb serene nature, giving place to the pale-face's innovations. The squatter is rapidly disappearing, having a habit of selling all his possessions to the first moneyed man who expresses a desire to own his place. A very estimable class of people are all the residents and property holders.

Nothing seen in the section, perhaps, exceeds in beauty a bearing orange grove. I remember one Christmas morning not long ago, I wandered through a grove of thirty acres—all full-grown trees, in their evergreen dress, with sweet, golden, luscious globes pendant from their branches, as well as a perfect foam of white blooms—fresh and wax-like. Through the foliage down glinted the gracious sunshine on a grass-grown path,



SHEAR
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1st WINETO CORON TO SWAP FOR DRUGS

TRAPPER FROM TUPES, FLA.

which formed a vista to the sunny river seen beyond. A glorious, perfect, typical day.

There are many ancient shell mounds in the neighborhood of its shores which attract archæologists and geologists to the river. Explorations have been made but not to any extent and there is no doubt but the mounds contain relics of much value.

There are islands in the stream, too—little dots of green crowned with waving palms, where sea-birds nest, and which lie like emerald globes in a fairy lake. There are barnacles and

oysters clustered on the rocky shores of these little bird homes, which are really nothing more than a shoal upon which a few palmettoes find enough soil to subsist upon.

Then there are "Narrows"—tortuous windings with innumerable turns and curves, and bordered with such a tropical tangle of vine and mangrove that they are well nigh impenetrable, though infinitely beautiful. Such a morass of growth and tangle is indescribable and one of the most fascinating features of the entire river. There are light-houses and life-saving stations along the narrow sand dune on the east shore, where break the ocean billows, and the voyage down the stream is interesting and enjoyable.

Transit and traffic are attended

with as much bustle and confusion here as elsewhere, though we are away off in one corner of the United States, entirely unknown twenty-five years ago, and now visited annually by thousands of tourists.

From three to five miles west of Indian River winds the mighty St. Johns, and between these two is concentrated the great region known as the Indian River country, though the east side of the river is rapidly coming to the front as land of exceeding fertility. But between the two rivers—one flowing north, the other south, one fresh, the other salt—are the towns, the groves, the hotels and the greater portion of the Indian River region. Here, too, on the flat St. Johns banks, are the shanties of hunters



and trappers, who make their living by supplying the people with game. They come into "town" loaded with fresh meats and skins, which they exchange with merchants for groceries ("grub").

The upper St. Johns, three miles west of Indian River, until within two years ago teemed with alligators, but these have been almost entirely destroyed for their skins, as many as eight hundred saurians being taken from this section in one week—one hundred and twenty-five more than once being taken by one single party.

Indian River is very shallow; steady east, south and south-east breezes blowing almost continually, with an occasional norther, the prevailing winds making boating a very safe and delightful pastime. In fact, the enjoyable boating is one of the prime features of residence here.



But many people come prejudiced by the fear of malaria and fever, when there is neither to be found. Because living here will necessitate self-denial in the conveniences and habits of city life they do not realize the great pleasure of existence here. They forget what a wonderfully healthy and beautiful country it is. Why, the merest existence here is a joy! The beauty shrivels up the sordid and it dies—passing away. The glory of the tropics is noticed in the blaze of sunset, the gorgeous flowers, the tender blue sky, murmuring waters of sea and river, the scent of orange blooms, the silver sheen of banana leaves, and the gracious, intoxicating influence of every view and growth. It is the land of sunshine, warmth, flowers, odors and happiness. The glory drowns care, and the beauty uplifts and elevates.

Oh, this summer land of beauty and rest! Upon every breath comes the scent of a perfect flower. In every perspective

is a perfect picture and in every grove and garden are the fruits to sustain life, and such a life in an enchanted land. Yet, twenty-five years ago, how still and silent and restful it was. More so than now? Perhaps, but more lonely, too. And when the moonlight falls in a glittering dust over the perfect landscape, dashing the ripples with a crest of silver, softening and harmonizing the rich and varied hues, surely it could never be more beautiful. For every flower cup is raised to catch the scented dew. Every palm bends in a graceful good night. "Every grove is a poem, every tree a canto"—the whole a beautiful song of nature, the accompaniment to which is the gliding ripple of the Indian River, which in years lang syne the lithe-limbed Seminole named in linguistic music, "*Tse-tsa-ta-hatchee*."

Ruby Andrews Moore.

THE TRUANT.

I.

IN the last twilight dim and gray,
From my fond clasp she slipp'd away—
As sweet a thought as ever stole
Into and out a poet's soul.

II.

And now, through all the weary night,
Within my heart I burn a light,
So my dear thought may enter when
She cometh weeping home again.

Robert Loveman.

THE GENIUS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

AMONG the poets of America, Sidney Lanier stands alone and unique from the fact that everything which he wrote is so distinctly Lanieresque that a verse or a sentence is sufficient to betray the author. He has struck no keynote with such frequency of repetition that one is familiarized therewith, but he has swept the whole poetic gamut. In his reproductions of personal emotion he is always faithful; in his lines of lofty religious feeling there is the sonorous roll of an organ touched by a master. He is no constant brooder over fate and destiny; there is present in him no doubt as to man's place or mission in life; he is not wanting in that fiber and strength which in the hands of Dante caused an infinite sorrow to man, but he has used it for the joy of his fellows, convinced that to continually confront them with their evil is to break rather than build up the moral purpose of their regeneration. He involves no atom of matter in a maze of tangled sentences; nor is he ever guilty of the sin of diffuseness, for his most evident characteristic of greatness is the accuracy with which he can mold words into expressing the most subtle shades of meaning.

All honest consideration of the genius of a man—be he an artist in words or stone—should begin with a period which antedates the manifestation of that faculty of absorption, generation, and transmission which we are prone to call genius, for this may be an evolution from a certain environment; not that the mere formative influences of a life can develop genius, but rather that they can foster it when the germ is present. The personality of man must be considered, or better, the agencies which were potential in bringing out his individuality. It will not be denied by those who are familiar with the life of Lanier that his earliest days began in war, and his last end was in battle—a herculean fight against his passing. There were mystic presences about that infant cradle, for Euterpe battled with Erato for supremacy of governance over the future. Then through school-days and the exercises of what he termed a "farcical college," on to the battle field and thence to the drudgery of pedagogy, always the prisoner of a fate at which he hurled no recriminations, he reached that crisis which comes to each life, when man faces his doubts and with a knowledge of his capabilities puts to himself the question: What can I best do to serve the world? When this was decided, there came an ante-crisis in the

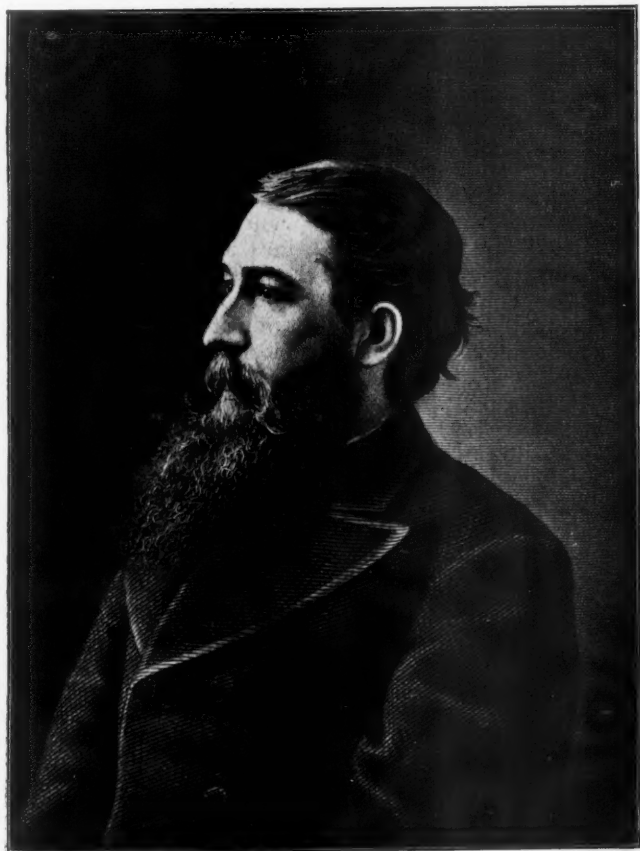
life of Lanier ; it was when he arrived at a full consciousness of his art development and his strength therein.

Whenever there is occasion to employ the word genius either by pen or word of mouth, there comes a demand—not less forceful because it may be tacit—to know what it is, and this being satisfactorily answered the mind is apt to formulate a second query: Has genius limitations? Parenthetically, the latter seeks to discover whether or not there comes a period of intellectual lethargy when genius shall have reached its bounding zone, supposing such to exist; or further, if genius always acts with an even periodicity. In this year of grace when Southern forests furnish the material for an illimitable supply of wood-pulp, and the absence of any adequate international copy-right law floods the country with pirated books, the authors of aspiring talent may be tempted to affirm that genius is bad paper and cheap editions.

But for a broader, more comprehensive effort to arrive at the truth, let it be hypothesized that genius is the finite intellect made infinite. To illustrate this, let the chemistry of light be invoked. Through some small orifice there filters a ray of light, which falling on a prism throws upon a wall the chromatic variations of the solar spectrum; the painter uses these for he seizes the colors and transmits them to canvas. Higher up on the wall are the actinic, or chemical rays, and these are the tools of the photographer; thus as the painter employs what he sees, and the photographer creates light—the picture—from darkness, so talent makes use of what is before it, while genius creates.

In an estimate of the genius of a poet there is no more fruitful and important field of speculation than to determine if he, who by his work is self-posed as an interpreter of the mystic and a law-maker of the universe, has rightly understood to its veriest height and depth, the sacred and untrammelled mission of poetry. And here it may not be amiss to observe that poetry has had its age of iron and its era of bronze. Homer, with those earlier poets who followed him, made of poetry a plastic art; the later children of song have made of formal verse the power for keen, introspective, analytical thought. Of Lanier's conception of the mission of poetry we have his own words: "My experience in the varying judgments given about poetry have all converged upon one solitary principle. That principle is that the artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is in him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism."

The great power of the poet is his capability for interpretation; not an interpretation which limns the occultations of the uni-



Sidney James .

verse, God, and man in black upon white under the chastening—but oftentimes destructive—laws of prosody, but an interpretative faculty which causes all of these to descend into the heart of man, so making him a part of them that, not knowing, he transcends the shackles of sordid actuation, and becomes transfigured unto himself. Such manifestations of the magical power of poetry are unfortunately rare, but when evidenced they ambush themselves in the caverns of memory, and at the softest suggestion trip lightly forth with a measure which is as “swift as the vision of a remembered dream.” It is not, however, an evidence of genius that one or many worded dreams and unrecognized prophecies should sink into the cells of remembrance, for the nude folly of a fool may make him remembered, where the utterances of the hierophant are forgotten.

It is proper just here to look into and clearly see to how great a degree Lanier possessed the interpretative faculty. The illustrations of it in his poems are too greatly abounding to admit of explicit selection lest detriment be thereby done, but there is no thoughtful—it may almost be said no superficial—reader of Lanier, who does not carry from such reading some lily of the poet’s mind; some picture of a musical river, so vivid as it threads its opaque path that one is lifted beyond present environment to see what Lanier saw and stand where he stood. One thinks with a cleaner cut perception of a palmetto, in remembering the glory which the poet has added unto it; there is received a higher, holier, more helpful conception of love from the pure truth in which Lanier sang of it. It is on such catholic versification as this that there rests the stamp of genius, but it is only present in a revealing of new truth, a differentiation of falsehood, an epitomized art.

There is no bolder manifestation of the consciousness of genius than the vehicle which Lanier chose for conveying his thoughts. It was a new departure from all conventional and time-approved forms, and one in which there was no neutral ground; in it he had either to succeed or fail. That he approached it with no uncertain confidence, he has said: “I have begun to dare to give myself some freedom in my own peculiar style, and have allowed myself to treat words, similes and meters with such freedom as I desired. The result convinces me that I can do so now safely.” Hence, from this mastery of his art, and a belief in his continued ability to handle it, comes the soft alliteration and ear-pleasing clink of rhyme in combination with those skillfully arranged cadences which have served to build up the poetry that shall live.

In his position by divine right as a law-maker of the uni-

verse, our poet was the essence of benignity. He never lashed, but led in such wise that he was unconsciously followed, for Lanier fully entered into and fairly comprehended the true inwardness of man, to whom he bore an intense love. To rob life of its misery and evil, to spiritualize it, was the dominant passion of his soul, and to this end he dedicated every power of brain and pulsation of heart. He delighted in an idealization of the realities of existence. Whenever an opportunity was offered, he strenuously opposed the lawlessness of love in that type which was portrayed and commended by Shelley, Swinburne and Whitman. He was intolerant of an emotion which for very self-shame masqueraded under another name than its rightful one. Passion-love, as viewed by Lanier, was something which could only be appreciated by the few, while passion was grappled for by the many. He thought of it as the sublimest truth in the nature of man, and to the establishment of its final supremacy he worked with a consciousness of purpose which steadily increased as his poet-bark floated through the rocks and ravages of time.

Of the prophetic quality of Lanier's poetry it is not now possible to speak. We live too close upon the days of the poet, and it may be that three generations will pass hence before its power will be seen or felt. But in its nature the poetry of Lanier is happily lacking in any tendency to that old despair of existence which characterized the poets of Greece, and which Mr. Swinburne, more than any man of the century, has so far absorbed and adopted as to make his very own. It is certain that, like Shelley, Lanier believed in the perfectibility of man, but it was a perfection which was to be reached through other avenues than those into whose vistas the literary product of the French Revolution was constantly looking.

The three conspicuous points in the genius of Lanier are: first, his unfailing resource in imagination and harmony; he is always fertile, and he is hemmed in by no limitations; he never falls back on already used material for capital. Secondly, there is a uniform music in the way in which his lines fall on the ear, but he does not attract attention more by the refined elegance of his versification than by the passionate thought which it clothes; he is a miracle-doer in the effective and rhythmical conjunction of sound. Thirdly, he is a master of the vocabulary of his language, nor is he ever found to be so narrow that one word is used for several ideas; and in such archaisms as he employs there is a marked discretion.

It is not to be gainsaid that in some of the work of Lanier there is a complexion of the maudlin, but this was only in the

cruder parts of his earlier work before his just self-esteem began and before he felt the mastership of his art. His inspiration was genuine and never forced ; his great and acute sensibility furnished an intensity of passion to his intellect, and because of these gifts he probably suffered many angled pains over his errors and mistakes, as they are to be found in his earlier poems. If he has not been understood, he is likened to another greater than himself whom he has portrayed in "The Crystal," and like that other he will grow into the hearts of men, although during his life he may have felt that he came unto his own and they received him not.

Heileman Wilson.

A VALENTINE.

SCORN not this token,
Love's valentine—
My heart, though broken,
Still fondly thine.
Thou hast e'er spurned me,
Yet do I sue—
Sweetheart, I love thee—
Still am I true.

Life has no gladness,
Flowers no bloom,
Day sees my sadness,
Night knows my gloom.
Thou wilt not love me,
Then will I die ;
Stars shine above me,
Earth o'er me lie.

George Griffith Fetter.



LOVE'S VALENTINE.

THE WIGWAM.



HE aboriginal American, of whatever cult, tribal community or locality, invariably establishes his home as near to a waterway as the danger from inundation will permit. His wigwam, *enete*, or whatever the tent shelter in which he lives may be called, for each tribe has a different language and a different name for house, is always constructed with a view to excluding moisture and preserving a perfectly dry interior, while having conveniently near it an abundant and unfailing supply of water. It is never built upon a mountain or highland of any kind unless at the egress of a pure and perpetual spring, and even then it must not be far removed from a trout stream or other fish-carrying water course.

The reason for this is apparent in the fact that the Indian is no digger of wells, no layer of irrigating pipes, and utterly ignorant of the simplest principles of hydraulics, while at the same time he relies more upon water than all other natural elements for physical comfort and subsistence. When bear, elk, deer and wild fowl are not abundant, he lives almost entirely upon salmon, trout and other fish that yield to his cunning at all seasons.

On the Pacific coast—all that territory lying between the sea line and the great mountain chain—in the spring-time, about the vernal equinox, almost every stream from the smallest brook to the largest river is visited by sea salmon that makes its way inland for the purpose of placing its spawn. A mere rill that one might easily leap across is frequently so crowded by migrating fish that a child can take them. It is not uncommon to find salmon in these small streams that weigh as much as twenty-five pounds, although there is not a general depth of twelve inches. At this season, thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of salmon are caught and cured for winter use, there being attached to every Indian settlement, whether individual or tribal, a sufficient number of wigwams that are set apart and used as smoke-houses. The fish are cleaned, salted, hung up and treated almost exactly in the manner employed by white men in curing bacon and beef, the only difference being in the fact that the fish are first dried for a short time in the sun.

The youngest Indian boy or girl (*hetswall* or *peteel*) is an adept at fishing. As soon as they are old enough to handle a birch switch they are taught the art of whipping a trout brook, and

oftentimes a bent pin is more effective in the hands of a *pap-poose* than the best Carlisle hook in the hands of a skillful white man.

There are many reasons, in addition to the piscatorial advantages, why the wigwam is built near the water, not the least of which is the convenience it gives to the gathering of rushes of which the exterior of the wigwam is woven. The cutting, weaving and plaiting of rushes is a chief employment of the old squaws and the young female children. The males are rarely found at any work that has an appearance of being menial, and a ten-year-old boy is trained only to fish, hunt and look after the herds of cattle and horses.

Rushes grow abundantly about nearly all of these streams and the process of cutting and weaving them seems continually in progress. Generally the weaving is done under a shelter of boughs outside the wigwam, the loom being a simple device of two or three poles with slides and appliances very similar to that used by the Zunis and fully described in recent reports made by Major Powell of the United States Geological Survey.

If the squaws are not cooking, cutting wood or beating *kamas* or *kouse* in a stone mortar with a stone pestle, they are sure to be working in the rushes. The cutting and gathering is chiefly done by the little girls.

The writer upon one occasion while fishing for trout along a small stream called the Toote-a-willow, on a reservation in Oregon, came suddenly into a grove of young birch trees bordering the brook, and directly in his path an Indian girl not more than twelve years of age was lying asleep. Her right arm lay under a large bundle of fresh cut rushes, her left over it and her head resting partly upon it. She was simply dressed in a buckskin kirtle and buckskin leggings, beaded and adorned with trimmings and fringes of red cloth. Her bosom, arms and feet were bare and her cheeks wore the flush of sunset. Her hair was in one long plait and black as night. She had grown weary of her work and had doubtless fallen asleep from exhaustion, on her homeward way. It was a pretty picture for a Kodak, but the instrument was more than two miles away.

As the women perform all the real labor, they assume the right to locate the wigwam, hence it is not only placed near the water, but generally in the midst of trees or thick undergrowth, so that fire-wood, tent-poles and loom braces may also be conveniently obtained. They are all accustomed to the uses of the ax and are quite as expert in felling large trees as are the hardiest white men. They split and pile fire-wood much as white men do, only they build the piles higher and never use

stakes or props such as white men employ. They have a cunning device of holding the piles together with small laps or twigs, mere switches, that saves labor and answers the purpose quite as well as any other means. The process is a very simple and ingenious one that woodmen of white-man's-land would do well to employ.

Another reason why the wigwam is placed near the stream exists in the necessity the Indian has for water in dressing the hides and pelts for which he is so famous. When the skin is stripped from the animal—bear, deer, beaver, otter, fox, wolf, or badger—it is first carefully scraped to free it from fat and flesh, and then laid flat, flesh side up, in the bed of a stream where numerous small stones, or bowlders, are placed upon it to keep it from being moved by the current. Here it remains for several weeks or months, when it is taken out and stretched in a frame for final dressing. Frequently in passing along these streams the proximity of an Indian settlement is manifested by the great number of pelts found in the water.

Indians of the same tribe, or of confederated tribes, never steal from each other. All rights of property are religiously respected, and even a fish-hook, which is much coveted in the fishing season, is perfectly safe, no matter how far away the owner may be from where it lies.

Most of the large salmon taken in the spring time are killed with a spear, snagged with a large hook fastened at the end of a long pole, or shot with a rifle. They do not remain long in the small streams, but are caught with the ordinary hook and line in the larger streams during nearly all the summer. The Columbia and its larger tributaries abound with them.

Every spring, by consent of the agents, the tribes leave their reservations to do their fishing in these larger streams, and in the fall they are also permitted to go to the mountains to hunt, though generally game is abundant within their reserved lines.

Those reservations that lie in the inferior ranges of the Rockies, such as the Blue and the Cascade Mountains, generally abound in cinnamon, grizzly and brown bear, elk, blacktailed deer, red deer and a variety known as the Virginia deer. Neither buffalo nor antelope are to be found on that side, and it is a fact that no buffalo was ever found west of the Rocky Mountains, though every wigwam now contains from two to twenty of the skins of these nearly extinct animals. These, however, are wearing out and large bear skins are rapidly supplying their places.

One day when hunting jack-rabbits, the writer came suddenly upon two squaws who were skinning a deer in the timber on the

banks of the Umatilla. It was some distance from a wigwam and no "buck" as the male Indian is generally called, was in view. It was an odd incident and the question came naturally :

"Who killed that deer?"

"Me catch him," replied the younger of the squaws. "Deep snow—he come down to drink—me set jack-rabbit trap, he go in it."

It was simply a noose made of raw hide and so arranged to a young birch tree that the deer's legs were caught in it. They both manifested some pride in their masculine accomplishment.

They have numerous devices for catching wild geese, brant and ducks, all of which abound in the sloughs of the smaller streams. One is by building a trap of willow branches and rushes, and another by floating snares made of "whang" or sinews of the deer.

In mid winter when the snow is deep all kinds of game are found at the water courses—the only place where it is possible for them to subsist—all animals except the bear, which hibernates, come down from the mountains, and every sort of fowl collects in the cottonwood and birch trees along the banks of the streams. Hunger has made them shockingly tame and they are easily taken.

All schemes employed by Indians to provide subsistence are simple but effective. They are of necessity close observers of the weather and the habits of animals, so that game taking at all seasons is never very difficult to them.

As previously observed, the squaw is the architect and builder of the wigwam, and it will be of interest to those who have never been among them to learn just how the simple tenement of the aboriginal is constructed.

When the squaw has selected her location and fully considered all the advantages of its surroundings, she goes to the wood or thicket near at hand and cuts from sixteen to twenty-five poles that are nearly straight and nearly, or quite, twenty feet long, having a thickness of at least four inches at the butt and tapering gradually to about one inch at the tip. These poles are quite heavy, but are frequently borne upon her back from where they are cut to where she will build, though sometimes her "*cayuse*," or pony, is made to drag them. When all are gathered at the location, the squaw drives a peg in the ground to indicate the center of the wigwam, and, tying a string to the peg, she describes a circle around it, scarring the ground as deeply as possible with a sharpened stick so that the line may not be easily effaced. Then the poles are brought with their large ends directly to the peg, laid evenly together and tied

securely with strips of raw hide about three feet from the top, then three or four squaws, or as many as are necessary, unite their strength and raise the entire bundle to a perpendicular immediately over the peg. This being accomplished, the butts of the poles are lifted one by one and carried out to the line of the circle and at equal distances apart, giving at once the frame of the structure as held together by the thongs at the top. Long, narrow strips of green hide are now used for tying the poles within two feet of the bottom, the thongs going around each pole and from one to another until the circuit is made. Then, two feet higher, another circuit is made and so on until the top is reached. This gives the structure the appearance of a great conical basket turned upside down, and in a little time, when the raw hide becomes dry, the framework is so stiff and strong that it may be turned over without impairing its shape.

After the poles are thus securely bound, the covering of the wigwam is a simple matter of wrapping around it, beginning at the bottom, long strips of rush matting about four feet wide, and not unlike the India matting of commerce—only somewhat coarser. This is wound spirally about the frame so that the upper courses overlies the lower and make the water-shed complete.

In winter, wolf, bear, deer and the skins of other animals are laid irregularly over the rushes adding much to the warmth.

On the inside, all around at the base of the poles, large quantities of dry prairie grass are packed, serving also to keep out wind and cold, and over the grass are spread the buffalo and bear skins belonging to the family.

In the center where the peg was driven the earth is scooped out for a fire-place and the wigwam is complete. At the top where the smoke escapes a part of the rush matting is so arranged that it can be moved by means of a raw hide rope to shut off the wind from any direction.

Sometimes ditches are dug around the habitation as soldiers dig them around their tents to divert the course of water during heavy falls of rain.

When completed no white man's house is better adapted to keep out wind, water and cold than a properly constructed Indian wigwam, but within a few more years when the civilizing process now in practice by the Government is fully carried out, this typical palace of the red man will be a feature of the past. Only its simple outlines will be preserved in the reflections of art. Its simple ingenuity of structure, its comfort and its picturesque beauty will be lost in the stiff tent-like figures that live in print to misrepresent it.

Henry T. Stanton.

THE BEECHEN TEMPLE.

BLACK and gray are the dappled beeches,
Dark and tall their columnar reaches,
In the gray of a wintry sky.
Leafless the slender boughs—and still,
Each is self-poised like a noble will—
Like a spirit serene and high.

The foreground—an earth-brown road presents,
With a rude border of rustic fence—
With not even a deer in sight ;
A road that comes from the everywhere,
And that runs—who knoweth—anywhere,
From space out into the light.

The squirrels are in—with their beechen store,
The quails fear dog and gun no more—
So deep is the wildwood peace ;
And the fallen leaves do not even stir
To a breath of air or a partridge whirr
Where e'en all sounds surcease.

And the rude rails are the temple doors—
The brown road brushes the thessled floors,
And the altars are far in the wold.
There are minster arches not built by man,
And windows groined to a noble plan
And stained with a legend old.

I see Carl Brenner uncovered stand—
On the woodland marge—in the winter land,
Bareheaded—reverent—mute,
While the beeches open their hearts to him,
And his soul responds and his eyes grow dim,
As he joins God's institute.

For man—in the wild wood worships best,
In the beechen aisles with the spirits blessed—
For the Spirit of God is there !
Where the dappled columns invade the skies,
And beseeching beechen hands arise—
And the silence is full of prayer.

Virginia May Cleveland.

BROTHER AMEN'S ACCIDENT.

A MONOCHROME IN YELLOW.

I.



O, seh, Milly ain in. She's out er tellin de tidins. She foun Jesus las night ov'r ter Thankful chuch, en she's roun mongst de nabors *re-latin* de glory en de pangs er right-ousness. No, seh, she wouldn go ter no party, not ev'n ef de Gran Latherer hissef en de hole lay-out uv de Barbers' Union wus ter come in er bunch en ax er. She ha'ter be gittin her cani-date's robe ready time fer de baptizin, en can fool wid no balls en sich. So g'on bout yo bizness; she ain er comin, I tell yo."

The speaker, Clarissa Secret, was a widow, a washerwoman, and therefore an autocrat. She was also, at the time of this narrative—some six years ago—a householder and prominent matron of Canaan, a teeming quarter of one of our Southern cities. Her complexion was a qualified turmeric—provincially known as a "ginger-cake"—and around her short, gray wool was wound a bright Madras handkerchief, surmounted by a pair of huge, brass-rimmed spectacles. These, however, occupied their exalted position solely for ornament, since they lacked the practical essential of lenses. A square-built, stout old body, she moved with dignity, precision and weight, a fact of which she was duly proud, and in the habit of asserting in periods of boastful elation that the "holler of her fut made a hole in de groun."

Lucillus Harlow, an impudent looking and dandified young mulatto, received her fusillade with becoming submission. He wore a pair of second-hand, lavender-colored trousers and a jaunty, but decidedly curtailed jacket. His crimply locks reeked with oil, and on his expanse of low-buttoned vest a gorgeous display of pinchbeck badges indicated that he was a member in high standing of the Barbers' Union, the Lights of Canaan, the Topaz Circle, the Rising Suns of Beneficence, and divers and

sundry other parliamentary and chartered bodies. It was to a projected ball by the first mentioned of these societies that he wished the enterprising Milly, who had so recently "foun Jesus," to accompany him. As for his carriage, suffice it to say that his admiring friends declared "he cud strut settin down!"



But Clarissa, despite her name, did not approve of secret or festive societies, nor of the gay Lucillus' suit. As befitted one whom the pleasures and follies of youth no longer attract, she was a constant attendant at church and an ardent admirer of her spiritual director, the Reverend Page, or—as the elect and truly good of his flock were pleased to call him—Brother *Amen* Patterson.

Brother Amen, an elderly but aggressively pious widower of grave and sanctified mien, was a man of mark in the community. He had recently been elected justice of the peace, and now combined the secular with the clerical, and decided "cow cases" with the same perspicacity that distinguished his elucidation of

the Scriptures. The chocolate charms of Clarissa's bouncing daughter had also touched his tough old heart, and he, too, was a frequent caller at the cottage, and, in short, Lucillus' rival.

"I'm pow'ful sorry, Mis Secret," replied the dandyish young knight of the razor; "I'm glad, uv co'se" (which he wasn't) "Miss Milly got rerligion, but I'm sorry she can' come. Fer dish yer gwine be er high-toned swarray. Hits giv under de suspicions er de Barbers' Union *en-tirely*, en ain no Darrell Hall nigger dance, ner Fif Ward fact'ry shindig. Den, too, dey wuz thinkin er axin you ter be one er de shapperoles, en he'p look a'ter de refresh-ments."

"You's mighty kine, Mist Harlow," returned the old lady, slightly mollified by this artful stroke. "But hit woul'dn do fer me, wun er de pillers, I *mought* say postesses, er de chuch, ter be gwine ter no frolic. Sides, Brer Pat'son's gwine *con-duc* er distracted meetin ov'r ter Thankful, en I bleedge ter be on han eve'y night ter giv in my speunce. I'd ax yer ter take er cheer, only de place's all littered up wid dish yer wash. Ef you'll come in dis sevenin I spec you'll fine Milly home."

Lucillus could but gracefully retire:

"Good mornin, Mis Secret," he said, and then swaggered foppishly off.

He had, however, scarcely crossed the canal bridge joining Canaan with the city proper, when "Miss" Milly herself returned.

She entered the house apparently completely exhausted, with no signs remaining of the frenzy that during the morning's round had sustained her in her professions of suddenly bestowed sanctity.

"I's plumb beat out," she declared, removing her bonnet, "er clappin en er shoutin en er cryin wid de members. I declare ter gracious ef I'd er knowd—" but she recollected herself in time and stopped. Then, with an audible inhalation of the surrounding atmosphere through her dormer-window nostrils, she inquired suddenly:

"Who bin yer?"

"Wat make you think ennybody bin yer?" retorted the mother, sharply.

The lavender-trousered lover had left behind him a sufficiently marked odor of Ponce de Leon Balm, or whatever was the preparation with which he pomaded his ringlets, to indicate the fact of his visit. But the girl did not care to explain.

"Oh," she said, indifferently, "I thought maybe Brer Pat'son might er drap in."

"Brer Pat'son *ain* drap in," snapped Clarissa, "but dat triflin

yaller barber wat work dere ter de Mount Vernon *Ho-tel* bin yer. He come ter ax you ter er party, but I tole im," she hastened to announce, perceiving that Milly was on the point of forgetting her newly acquired felicity and the requirements and restrictions thereof, "dat you warnt gwine; dat you done got rerligion en jine de church, en had yo cani-date's robe ter git ready. So he lef."

The girl was bitterly disappointed; but, ere she could express her discontent or show signs of rebelling against the maternal decision, the pastor himself appeared and was received with elaborate welcome by Clarissa.

The matron was anxious that the neophyte should appear in as favorable light as possible to the professor, and, with this laudable purpose in view, made use of the well-known elasticity of the truth in informing him that:

"Milly bin vited ter er party, but she clined. Tole um she wus er peffessin member now, en done put er way de sins er de worl."

"Ah," groaned the Reverend Page, unctuously, at the same time casting an experienced eye around in search of evidence of the propinquity of the midday meal, "hits er vain an onbelievin worl, Mis Secret, an happy air them wat has gained de citadel—reacht de plumb center er blessedness, an stan not ruminatin in de outskyrts er de beautiful city er viewin de temple fum afar!"

"Dats so! Dats de trute, brudder; youse shoutin now!" proclaimed Clarissa, ecstatically. "You year yo paster, chile? But lay yo stick erside, Brer Pat'son, en draw up er cheer ter de table. We's jes gwine ter hav dinner."

"Thank you, Sist Secret," he replied, complying with her invitation and rendered agile by the seductive "sizzling" of the frying chicken. "Thank you, sister. I b'lives I will *ac-cep* er yo hospertality, fer de flesh is puny en weak—yea, hits mortal weak, an needeth sufference."

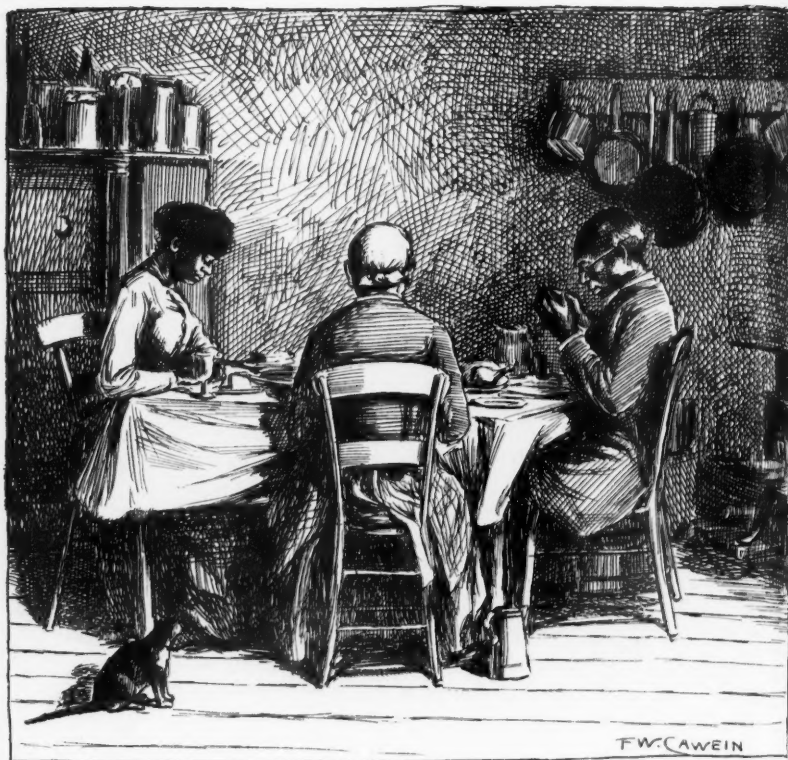
Milly, still brooding over the joys she was going to miss, helped her mother in transferring the viands from stove to board, and then the three sat down, and the preacher exhausted himself and his hearers with a lengthy yet edifying grace.

"Hav some mo chicken, Brer Pat'son?"

"B'lieve I will, Sist Secret. Hit's elegint chicking, but den you's noted fer yo hen roos."

"I wisht I warnt," said Clarissa, with a sigh. "Dey's like *Joshuway's* gode; dey comes up in de day time, en—beholes! dey's cut down in de night!"

The minister was shocked.



"Wat?" he cried. "You don mean, sister, yo chicking roos bin *in*-vaded? O Lawd, de wickedness—de sin *an* wickedness er de worl."

"Hit's so, jes like I tells you," feelingly admitted Clarissa, greatly impressed by his anguish at being forced to contemplate such enormities.

"Well, well, well! de Lawd be musciful! But, sisters, *dear* sisters, let us pray dat de errin member ain none er Thankful congregashun"—and the good brother groaned at the bare possibility.

"I's perf'c'ly willin ter pray," put in practical Milly, "but I gwine do mo. Dat young dominicker rooster en ole Speckle—wich I duckt er in er tub er water ter break er up fum settin only yistiddy mornin'—bof er em gone las night! Dey shant roos in

dat evergreen tree no mo. I gwine put em all in de wood-house *dis* sevenin."

And, having finished her meal, she rose and went out into the yard to carry out her intention.

After a deal of trouble with the feathered brood, who, human-like, threw obstructions in the way of the powers that be, simply because they could not see the wisdom of the measure, Milly accomplished her purpose, landed them safely in the wood-house, which stood but a few feet in the rear of the dwelling, and sauntered back to the house.

And there she found Lucillus. Unable to let the day pass without seeing her, and custom being light at the shop, he had returned to pay an afternoon call. The barber's "hacked" expression indicated that he had been already snubbed by his ecclesiastical rival, and she resented it accordingly, for of her two suitors she preferred, as was natural, the younger. It is true that her mother had long since determined that she should ultimately become, so to speak, a saffron-hued "Mistress of the Manse," but filial inclination does not always square with parental schemes.

The young mulatto was greatly relieved by the appearance of his inamorata, for the good impression he had made upon the widow in the morning had speedily taken wings under the minister's influence. He plunged at once into "small talk," and the girl came promptly to his assistance and strove to help him out. They attempted to chat glibly of the impending ball, but the frowning disapprobation with which the elder members of the party heard allusion to such light and frivolous topics dashed cold water over the conversation, until it at length trailed off into disjointed inanities.

Finally, the Reverend Page, with a meaning glance at his oiled and curled competitor, remarked in a distinct voice, aside to his faithful coadjutor, the lady of the house :

"Dey do say dat de steward ter de Mount Vernon keeps de table supplied wid de choicest poultry in de city—an yit—" with a leer at Lucillus—"nobody ain never see im pricin none in de mahket. Hit don seem like he bleedge ter go no funder 'n de barber shop. I knows not, but so dey say. Hits er jubious an abschemious worl, Sist Clarissa."

Poor Lucillus! He had been told of the raid on the wild-olive tree and the consequent failure of the pompous young "dominicker" and his aged and perverse female relative to respond to the morning call. He, therefore, promptly withered under this pointed insinuation. Afraid to meet Clarissa's doubting gaze, he picked up his hat, and, with a barely audible murmur of

farewell, took his leave, but not without making a hastily whispered appointment with his sweetheart, who had regretfully followed him to the door.

Then it was that the wily dowager, believing that love making was an operation most gracefully and successfully performed after a substantial meal, and observing that her remaining guest appeared well-fed, amiable and eloquent, slipped from the room and left Milly to the experienced wooer and her fate.

But why detail what followed? It was not the first and will not be the last time that parents, usurping the prerogative of the gods, have matched a maiden as they listed. In her own house Clarissa was as autocratic as the White Tsar himself, and her will to Milly was law. Then, too, the sanctimonious suitor was financially and socially a decided catch. In addition to the fees derived from his justice's court, he exhorted every Sabbath a goodly sum from the pockets of his audience



into the circling plate. And the absent Lucillus was but a struggling barber. And above all, Lucillus *was* absent.

So we will skip, if you please, the means, and look only to the result.

When Brother Amen Patterson took his departure in the gathering dusk he was the betrothed of the reluctant Milly, and Clarissa Secret, goodly mother in Canaan that she was, rejoiced and was glad.

II.

It was doubtless wrong in Milly—flagitiously wrong—but, as we are chroniclers of facts and not conservators of morals and this narrative a history, not a homily, the truth must prevail. Therefore be it stated, as nine o'clock that evening pealed from the city clocks she leaned from the shed-room lattice, giving audience to the recriminating Lucillus, who stood, Romeo like, beneath. Clarissa was peacefully asleep in the kitchen doorway; and the pastor—but of him hereafter.

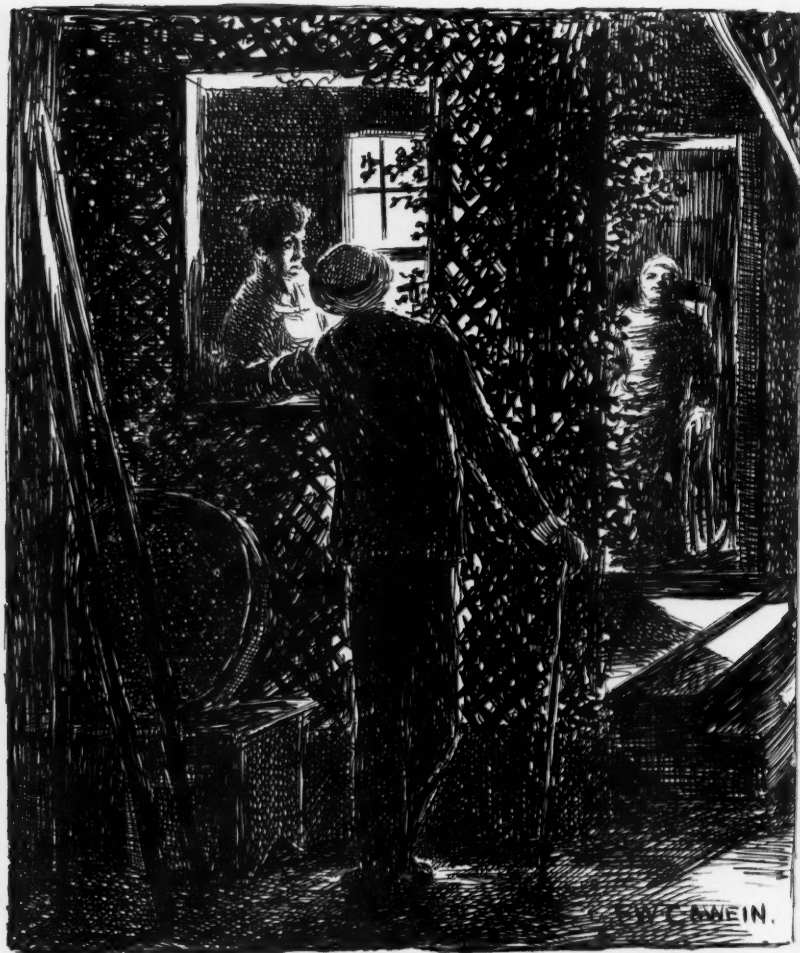
It was stiflingly hot, even for the last day of heat-warped August. A murky haze, dense and brooding, had clogged the atmosphere throughout the day, contracting the horizon and obliterating the surrounding hills, and the night fell close and oppressive. Some time elapsed, and Milly, having confessed her engagement, was still enduring the surf-beat of the neglected lover's reproaches, when suddenly, at the climax of one of his most potent periods, he stopped and with blanched face and rapidly beating heart was silent. What was it? A weird, vibratory quiver, rather above than below the surface, accompanied by a faint magnetic thrill; a sullen, distant, jarring rumble, as of heavy freight trains, growing closer, closer and louder as it came—and then with a lunge the quaking horror, in all its omnipotent belittlingness, was upon them! The crash of falling bricks, the wild, unearthly clangor of half a hundred bells, tolled as by unseen hands, mingled with the screams of frightened women, was an instantaneous and deafening consequent. Oh, the sinking, sickening helplessness of feeling the hitherto solid ground sway and rock and give beneath the staggering feet, as the waves of the shifting sea are swung by the winds at play.

The shed-room chimney tottered for a second, and then, crumbling at the base, pitched forward, precipitating its entire mass of brick and mortar across the narrow intervening space between the shed and the wood-house and resting a compact solid weight of immovable avoirdupois against the door.

Clarissa sprang six feet clear of the house out into the yard at the first frenzied jar, and was now jumping up and down, clapping her hands and yelling over and over again with all the force of her robust lungs:

"Jedge-ment! jedge-ment! Rock-in Ages, jedge-ment's er comin!"

Whether she had never rightly understood the first three words of the grand old hymn, or simply paraphrased them out of regard for the pendulous nature of her surroundings, we are unable to say.



Milly merely clung to the window-sill in paralyzed alarm, and wilted, while the terrified Romeo below gasped :

“ Airthquake ! ”

In a few seconds, however, with one last frantic struggle of the buried Titan, the muttering tremor rolled westward and away, and earth, air and matter in general gradually settled down. The streets were speedily alive with panic-stricken

humanity, flitting hither and thither, condoling, conjecturing and seeking encouragement from companionship.

Among those who gathered about the Secret homestead was their next-door neighbor, one Sampson Crawford, a drayman and a steward of Thankful Church. He succeeded, after a while, speaking from the experience of a long life, and backed by the superior intelligence of Lucillus, in convincing Clarissa and company that the visitation was nothing more nor less than an ordinary, matter-of-fact earthquake—albeit, a “jim-darter,” as he expressed it. This explanation, however, did not soothe the fears of the others to any great extent. Although the subsidence of this particular shock disclosed the fact that the globe had not as yet been totally destroyed, they persisted, with the usual superstition of their race, in regarding the seismic terror, as a warning of impending doom, and in setting the final performance down for the morrow. The “judgement” was surely at hand—a conviction that increased almost to a certainty with the dozen or more recurring minor shocks of that weird and palpitant night.

While engaged in this discussion, the attention of the excited throng was attracted to a muffled, unnatural noise emanating from some unseen place at hand. The sound of earnest and emphatic prayer vibrated on the night, followed by a stanza or two of some well-known hymn and heart-rending assertions that the owner of the voice, like Sterne's starling, “could not get out!”

It required about a minute for this much to become apparent, and then one-half of the gathering, with a unanimous exclamation of “Hark, fum de toom!” incontinently bolted. But the more courageous, or less superstitious, among whom were our acquaintances, having their curiosity aroused, stood their ground—or what was left of it.

“Swing low, sweet cha'iot! I's ready an er waitin, an *mo* d'n willin; but good Lawd, *spar* de shepud w'en de sheep is er brusin roun! *One* mo chanst, Lawd! jes one mo *chanst* fer ter wuk in de vinyud, an den let de pearly gates fly *wide* ajah!”

“Ax, an hit sh'll be giv'n,
Seek, an hit sh'll be foun;
Knock at de do and de do fly op'n,
An de love come er trickerlin down!”

This was doubtless reassuring, but it would have been much more gratifying to the suppliant just then if the actual and material door which confined him would only have proved as compliable.

A violent physical assault immediately following upon the

latter eventually located the appellant, and investigation followed. The pile of bricks was hastily removed so that the hinges of the wood-house door could once more perform their proper function, and then, covered with dust and as pale as it was possible for his tawny visage to become—alas, that it must be chronicled—the Reverend Page Patterson emerged before the wondering gaze of the rescuers.

Breathless and cowed, he stood for a moment speechless, but, perceiving that the looks of astonishment with which he was at first greeted were merging into those of suspicion, he realized that his only hope lay in some hurriedly invented and eloquently presented excuse. Perceiving Lucillus he shrewdly and instantaneously made him his scapegoat. He raised his hand impressively :

"Brethren *an* sisters, let us pray fer delivrunce fum de wrath ter come, an *re*-turn thanks fer de mussy vouchsafe us so fer in bringin one an all er us, but mo specially yo umble pastewrate th'ough de fiery furnace. You are doubtless surprise ter fine me in dis uncharacteristical att'ude. My friens, our beloved sister yere hav fur some time missed uv her sustenance ; she hav missed uv her flocks an uv her herds, uv her she-goats an her dominicker pullets—" He was getting into regulation camp-meeting swing as he advanced, and gaining confidence with every word. "Brethren, I grieves ter say hit, but I sees befo me er misguided an unregenerate sinner. I knowed dat he hankered a'ter de flesh pots er Yegypt, an, brethren, I spicioned him—*him* !" and the unfortunate Lucillus was indicated. "I lowed to watch im, an, w'en I kotch up wid im, ef prayah would avail naught, ter deliver im boun inter de han er de Philistines fer jedgment ; an so I tookn my stan by dis yer wood-shed fer to *con*-foun de wicked w'en he come on he arrand uv sin !" ("Halleluyer !" from Clarissa.) "But den, lo an beholes, in de twinklin uv an eye, in de sharpenin uv er serpent's tooth, dis yer visitashun come a boomin long ! De groun rock, de bricks rattle, an I *re*-tired in hase ter de privacy er dis yer coob ter wrestle in prayah fer you-uns an de worl at large. Let us be joyful—oh, let us be very thankful, my beloved sisters, dat de errin brother come too late ! De chim-bly cave in so's I couldn get out, but, bless de Lawd, hit kep *him* fum gittin een !"

He paused, hopeful and expectant. It was clear that his rival, for the second time confronted and confounded by unjust accusation and paramount apostolic influence, was completely abashed and would have nothing to say. Brother Amen's fluent fallacies had apparently served his turn, for Clarissa, staunch

and faithful ally, was prompt and outspoken in accepting his tissue of inconsistencies. Also Sampson's stewardship and general prominence in the church were a guaranty of further loyalty and sympathy.

It is impossible to say just how things would have eventuated and what the verdict would have been, had not a plump and broilable "calico" pullet, which had been undergoing a period of unconsciousness (her neck being merely twisted and not broken) regained her faculties and made a gallant effort for freedom.

In a moment of judicial and pondering hesitancy she gave a smothered squawk, lolloped out of the Reverend Amen's coat-tail pocket, scrambled to her feet, and staggered off, with many a disgusted cluck, into the outer gloom.

Then there was a compact, oppressive silence that one might almost have cut it with a knife. But Patterson, like the model soldier, never knew when he was beaten. Once again he was the first to find tongue :

"My childen," he began, sadly and reproachfully, "in de ole time days—de *Bible* days—de good Lawd see fit ter *en-flic* Moses an de land er Yegypt wid all kine er plagues an misries ; an ev'n Eliger an de yuther Profits wus tarrified an persecuted by de visitashun er de ball-headed bears ! But de Lawd sont em, my friens ; dem varmint nev'r start up uv dey own *ak-cord* ter take a'ter nobody ! But now, de umble seeker a'ter truth is sot upon volunterry by de seven plagues, er de fetherd tribes, an, fleein fum de wrath ter come, de beas er de fiel an de fowl er de air *en-sist* on clingin fer pertecshun ter de hem uv his pastoral robe—yea, seekin er refuge an er home er grace ev'n in de presinks er his pries'ly pocket ! Yet dis, my friens, is no place—" but here he was interrupted by the indignant Milly. Regretting her premature surrender of the afternoon she was not slow in seizing an opportunity for severing the galling cord.

As Clarissa afterward expressed it, she now "tuk de studs en kicked spang ov'r de traces." She declared her engagement off—announced her determination to have nothing more to do with "dat ceitful ole Niggerdemus," and finally concluded—unkindest cut of all—with a taunting allusion to "fuss en fethers."

Then it was Lucillus' turn. After earnestly expressing his approbation of all "Miss Milly" had said, he electrified his audience by requesting her hand for himself, presenting his claim with an eloquence born of the occasion that was truly wonderful. But the height of his assurance and of the surprise of his hearers was reached when, reserving his heaviest shell for the last, he wound up with the demand that the Reverend Page

should perform the marriage ceremony between them twain, and perform it then and there.

Of course a perfect babel of comment ensued, and Clarissa fairly boiled over with tongue-tripping protests. But the united voice of the assembly was against her from the first, and when a gentle hint from Lucillus in regard to "puttin de Law (with a capital L) on him," caused the minister to announce his willingness to comply with the demand, she realized that she stood alone and yielded as best she might.

So the triumphant though fluttered young couple, linked hands and took their stand. What to two loving hearts or a badly scared parson was the absence of so trifling a legal prerequisite as a marriage license?

It was a weird and impressive scene. On roof and foliage was reflected the glare of a dozen distant bonfires, around each of which was gathered a dusky, frightened throng bent upon propitiating heaven by means of extemporized prayer meetings. And from these bands of devotionals came ever and anon, borne on the night wind, a thunder-gust of bass voices supplicating mercy of the Maker in old-fashioned lined-out melody.

Patterson removed his hat, adjusted somewhat his ruffled plumage, cleared his throat and began:

"My friends, we air gatherd tergether fer de purpose er jinin de lovin young brother an sister wat you see befo yo in de nut-shell bounds er matrimony. Ef ennybody yere present kno's enny reason wy dey shouldn be so jined let em speak fer now an ev'rmo, or else let im hold his peace."

He paused, evidently desirous that some one would enter objection, but no interruption following, was compelled perforce to proceed.

Launching out into picturesque Canaanite metaphor he began a most edifying discourse—based equally upon theory and experience—concerning the mutual obligations and benefits attaching to the state of wedlock; but the dislocated nerves of his auditory were not attuned to abstract eloquence. A second, though feeble tremor, almost stampeded them afresh, and he was compelled to bring his didactic effort to a speedy close.

"Is you, Lucillus—wats de middle name? Guy Livin'ston? Is you, Lucillus Guy Livin'ston Harlow, willin fer ter take dis lady ter be yo true an lawful wife, in sickness an in health, in poverty or in no matter *wat*, ferev'r an ev'r till death do us part?"

"I air!"

"An do you, Emily Emancipation Secret, accep er dis man

wid all yo worly goods, ter be yo wedded husban, an shakin all others cleave only to him fum now till de en er time?"

"I does!"

"Den, by de thORITY vested in me as *Magers-trate* uv de Nineteen Hunded an *E-leventh* Distric, an also as de persidin sheperd uv Thankful congregashun, I pernounce you man an wife! Married, tight an fas, cordin ter de law an de gospul! De bridegroom'll now kiss de bride an pay de paster foteen dollers!"

He had a long, long head, had the Reverend Page, and moreover, the power of enforcing the collection of his debts. He furthermore again felt free and safe, for he had sufficient



smattering of law to know the penalty for compounding a felony. The harassment that the unhappy groom underwent before those fourteen dollars were paid afforded him sweet, if not sufficient, revenge.

Then followed the benediction, impressively pronounced, and at its conclusion the Reverend Amen Patterson gathered up the remains of his stove-pipe hat, and without molestation sneaked quietly away.

So fell the ecclesiastical gentleman whose name appears at the head of our story, in, we know not what year of his ministrations. Thus ended, also, Milly's wooing, but not her hus-

band's tribulations or forebodings. As he stood by his chair the next day, awaiting customers in the barber shop of the Mount Vernon, his mind was busy in calculating the number of shekels his pinchbeck decorations and doe-skin trousers would bring at the semitic sign of the golden balls, and he was heard to mutter with a desponding shake of the head :

"Yes, I got de gal, dats er fac ; but dog his ole sam-singin hippercritical pickcher, ef he didn git de drap on me at de en er his disco'se, an I'll boun he'll skin me yit, fum neck ter heels, fo he gits th'ough !" And what is more, he did.

Hugh and Val Starnes.

BETROTHED.

THOU hast my heart, and thou shalt have my hand,
 Thy captive shall not crave her freedom more ;
 Wert thou an exile on a desert shore,
 For thee my feet should leave their native land.
 If on thy brow were Cain's accursed brand,
 Thee as a white-robed saint would I adore ;
 Wert thou my master, I in bondage sore
 Would rather serve thee than a realm command.
 But know as thou art true or false to me,
 My life shall pass in glory or in gloom ;
 Thy nuptial vow-unto my soul shall be
 A song of triumph or a trump of doom ;
 Thy bosom, love, to which my soul doth flee,
 A couch of roses or a living tomb.

Walter Malone.



ON THE HILL PALATINE : AN IDYL.

ON the Hill Palatine is soft, new grass that spires and trembles beneath the sunshine and Zephyrus' touch ; new grass here, a new wall, a new city begun, a new civilization taking its rise, a new empire great with mightiness to be.

It is a golden August day more than two centuries before proud Babylon's conqueror stretches his scepter across Asia. It is almost three centuries before Marathon's triumph smiles itself across the Hellene land from mountain center to island-sprinkled sea. It is four and a half centuries before an egotistic Macedonian sits down to weep maudlin tears for a pretended need, instead, forsooth, of turning to the unmastered West. It is five centuries before Hamilcar leads his babbling boy to the altar of dark Baal, there to swear a fateful oath against Rome's irresistibleness. Yea, it is seven hundred and fifty-three years before the star in the East lights a fair path for all mankind. And this is Rome,—a collection of rude houses on the Palatine, an asylum for criminals, a strong wall, a martial plain between two hills, a fortress on the Capitoline,—naught more.

The new townsmen celebrated to-day the Consualia,—not, as many hereafter shall claim, the Feast of Neptunus Equestris. Consus has directed the Romuleian band in ways wise and safe. Consus pointed out the advantages of this hill by the river Albula, commanded here the erection of an asylum that should with surest speed populate the young city, and bade welcome to full citizenship all comers from every nationality.

And now the Feast of Consus has been ordered by King Romulus, scion of Mars and fosterling once of a wolf-nurse by the crocean river. The Feast of Consus they will celebrate to-day with greater show and more magnificence than you had deemed this petty village could provide. Wide and smooth the sweeping race-course, broad the arena for the wrestlers and the boxers, ample and white the space for the discoboli.

Walking through the city, with some Sabine visitors, before the games begin, we see garlands and green boughs adorning each door post and festooned from tree to tree. Oxen and other beasts of burden, with cool leaves intertwined across patient foreheads, rest before full mangers over which hang the to-day unborne yokes. Citizens, in groups, in pairs, singly, each wearing a spotless gown, a joyous smile, a poplar wreath, loll here, chat there, hurry yonder.

First festival of the war-god's city ! Nobly, indeed, does it contrast with those of later, richer, more splendid, and more

evil days. No blood spilled, no populace clamoring, "Another! yet another! Give us one more victim!" No groans ascending from dying men and maidens, while hungry, wide, wild jaws open to them death's hideousness. No cruel thumbs reversed, with mocking smiles above them, decree a daughter's heart-stab from a father's hand, a brother's murder by a brother's club, a parent's mangling by a son's knife. No, thank Consus and Jove and fair mother Venus, these smiles to-day are kindly smiles; these flowers shall bear no ruder stain than the dust of the race-course. The one wrong we shall do, the one morality we shall violate—the sacredness of guesthood—shall be amply made up for hereafter. What! shall not that we make our guests equally with ourselves progenitors of earth's lordliest race be honor enough to repay a momentary aggrievance? Rome's first festival! Let us keep it jubilantly.

Back to the race-course now. The runners are ranging for the opening contest already, and already is the space allotted to the spectators well filled. Here, those invited from neighboring towns, men with their wives and daughters; there, with a conspicuous paucity of women, Roman citizens who are not participants in the games,—as are many of the noblest.

King Romulus, handsome, strong, imperial, has exchanged to-day his gray wolf garb for attire more befitting his kingship. At his right side is an empty seat and an unworn crown. Ever and anon Romulus looks down on these with restless sigh. A brother slain in anger by his own hand should fill that seat and smile beneath that crown. But at his left side is Hersilia, spouse and queen, and mother of the four-year-old princeling who leans upon her knee. A woman so royal in bearing as Hersilia can not surely be found in the great throng, and scarcely one more fair.

Yet look! among the Sabine guests from Lucerum there sits a sunny-haired maiden with curved, scarlet lips and smooth Junonian arms. Most beautiful of Umbro-Sabellians is Tatia, and regal the blood that her swelling heart sends tingling to her perfect cheeks. Princes from Etruria, from Samnium, even from far Apulia and Iapygia, have come in person, drawn into a truce by the renown of her beauty, to bear her away to share their kingdoms. Careless she was of all until last moon, when young Adeiro lingered in Lucerum. An Epirot was he, a fair Hellene with the heart of a poet and the face of a gentle woman; broad and prosperous the realm whose scepter his hand must soon grasp, and skilled with love-words his smooth tongue. When Dian's airy shallop floated light, to the rune of the cicadas and the melody of an ilex grove full of nightingales, the troth-

rites had been solemnized. And Tatia did not care to forget that morrow eve when the great beautiful silver shield should rise full and round above her Oscan hills and Adeiro would return to celebrate the second more sacred ceremonials. She would go with him happily, following the love torch in his Paphian eyes. Why not? Who besides Adeiro had ever touched to mystic music her heart strings?

Superb, indeed, that runner yonder! He has the feet of Mercury, the limbs of Apollo, the chest and thews of Vulcan, and the eyes and brow of Jove. Ah! he has won easily, and even Tatia half rises to join in the surging acclaim.

The cool green crown welcomely presses his temples. He turns and faces the clamant crowd with the subduing smile Neptune wears to calm the waves that toss too roughly beneath an autumnal breeze. Their rapturous shouts subside into a pulsing murmur. The victor throws around himself his white toga, still standing before the admiring throng. Every movement speaks haughty grace and easy triumph. He lightly waves the palm-branch he has just won. "A god! a god!" some one near Tatia cries. (For do not the gods walk often among us in pleasant comradeship?) "No mortal, but a god." The populace catch and hurl hither and thither the phrase. The Jovian eyes of the crowned youth are lifted to seek the first appraiser. Before they can find him, they fasten on Tatia, and can not at once quit their hold. His lips take on again that conquering curve; he moves away slowly, and the herald, preceded by a trumpeter, begins to call deeply: "Thalassius victor! Nobilissimus Thalassius! Thalassius Romae, miratus victor!"

"No god is Thalassius, but right princely," speaks a white-haired, sage-bearded man from beyond the Tiber, "and worthy to be law-giver in a better town than yonder handful of huts on Palatine. Prayed he to Sabus instead of to Mars, he would be helped to greater honor."

In the arena now stand the wrestlers, slim, supple-limbed, of magnificent sinews. Among them, also, the populace soon fix upon their favorites. As ever in like contests, those favorites are the ones whose bearing and first movements foretold rich potentialities of dexterity and brawn, soon to develop into the dynamism of success. Menonius, with quick flashing eyes, the sudden dartings of the twilight swallow, and limbs thewed like the arm of Jupiter Tonans, has his antagonist in the sand. Lusty cheers stir the drowsy air, for Menonius was first approved. Next he meets a victor from the opposite side of the ring, and speedily counts him among the vanquished. Another, but with

greater labor; he rises from this third combat with his own locks dust-powdered, and his glowing face begrimed. Young Cleanthes moves toward him, with eagle glance and springing stride. "Back, Cleanthes!" shout the spectators. "Menonius victor!"

But Cleanthes claims the right of combat, and the law allows it. Of lighter build, and less sinewy he appears than the champion who stands before him with face of disdain; and how can any other be so ready, or so treacherously supple as Menonius? They suspect not—the lookers on—that those shining slim limbs of young Cleanthes are tempered as a metal they know not of; that a perfected training in the Hellenic movements and feints in Pyxos may serve well the fugitive now against the greater bone and brawn of the Latin. The signal commands, they meet, they join,—no! what? Cleanthes has retreated? With mocking lips Menonius pursues. The Hellene suddenly halts and darts out clasping arms at the taunter, catching him at an appalling disadvantage. Yet weight and resisting force count much, and the two strive mightily, tense-stretching each nerve and tendon. Cleanthes must go down—no, Menonius. Ah, the Greek is down! Yet it is only on his knee,—he is up again; another feint, followed by that lightning darting of the hands, and the Alban's dark hair is next the sand, and above float the yellow locks of the Greek. Even yet they continue to contend, and twice Menonius half rises. But for the antecedent triumphs that cost him much strength, he might yet throw off the youth's easy weight. He struggles unsunderingly, until the judges decree that Menonius must yield; Cleanthes may arise, and receive his wreath and bough of palm. With generous disloyalty, the stirring plaudits ascend for Cleanthes.

The wrestling over, some leaping follows, fairly done and heartily approved.

Then all eyes seek the race-course, and enthusiasm surges out through a vivid murmurous hush. Yet wearing his runner's wreathed olive, Thalassius leads forward his own beautiful brute, while a frequent cheer ascending shows him not forgotten for later victors. A pomegranate-lipped virgin of the Sabini droops her white lids, down-borne by his impetuous eyes; the sea-foam arms, unclasping, fall to her side. When she looks up again the moratores are holding the horses in check at the creta; lots have been cast, and each has his place. She sees Thalassius mounted, his chosen color lifting in the breeze, his manly beauty still adorned by the proud guerdon he won but to-day. She sees not the waving colors of the other contestants, for her heart already makes the green victorious.

King Romulus himself lifts the signal torch, and the fleet

coursers dash forward as instinct each with his master's desire. The russet leads, and friends shout wildly. The blue gains and sweeps by the second meta a difficult stride ahead. The white and green seem but dallying. "On, Thalassius, on!" shout a group who float his symbol. But undisturbed and serene in strength, he passes the third meta and starts on the second course two lengths behind the russet and abreast of the white. The green faction are divided between imprecations on his fool-hardy loitering and invocations to Jupiter, Consus and Neptune. The third round is finished with no change but that the white is pressing determinedly forward, and is almost alongside the russet. Encouraging shouts go up for Tullius; and he, incited, urges his superb beast to fullest speed. But a chapleted rider who is left alone in the rear stoops and whispers a word in the fine silky ear of his horse. Scarcely can you see an immediate change, yet soon there is a gain. The blue is just now about to lose leadership, for Gordian, disdainig the presence beside him of Tullius, leans lower and soon flaunts his warm color formidably close to the azure. The flaming nostrils of his courser pulse beside the wet flanks of Gluma's. He will be victor his dauntless heart tells him, for this is the sixth round. He will win, and the fairest virgin shall—

But a beating sound against his ears assures him that some one is pressing close behind. His brute has attained her utmost rate, not even the goad she has never known could madden her to wilder fleetness than this. Yet it is too late for Thalassius to come up with him, and Gordian's blood leaps again, for Gluma has lost and they are now flank to flank, mane to mane. The wearers of the red throw up excited hands and raise cheering cries that pulsate heavily. "Gordianus vincit! Pulcherrimus Gordianus!" The friends of Thalassius murmur disappointedly, and many half turn away. "Wait," cries one, "look! That was a glorious rush." "If it had but come sooner," groans another.

But two pink palms are impassionedly clasped in a maiden's lap, while across her lips breaths the faith, "He will win." And then the prayer "May our gods help him."

It is the seventh, the ultimate course. When they reach the first meta, down must spring each rider, and yet holding the halter must finish the course on foot. This is the supreme trial. To duly, not unduly, slacken the mad pace, leap fairly, keep clear of collision with the rest; to lose no advantage; to speed him to the precious goal—ah, it taxes at once the eye, the ear, the brain and blood, each muscle and nerve; it drains every power reserved. And then to fail, Thalassius, before but that one pair of eyes were enough of Stygian shame!

They leap. Gluma, ill-poised, is thrown half forward, and when he regains himself sees two fleet runners and wind-footed steeds beyond him. He skims along with some one beside him—he knows not who, but deems it Thalassius. Yet certain apocalyptic sounds begin to din in his ears soon through the whirring of the air past him. "Russata, russata!" he hears faintly. Then more clearly, "Prasina, O gaudium! Prasina vincit!" Can it be?

Even thus. Thalassius, with quicker glance, with calmer brain and cooler daring, sprung better, outleaped Gordian, started off more steadily; an unequaled runner, he speedily covered the space between them, and now he leaves the third meta some easy paces behind him as Gordian reaches it.

Another victory is his, another coronal, another palm, and swelling plaudits from friends and rivals' friends. "Thalassius, Thalassius!" The air is vibrant with that favored name. "How smile the gods on thee to-day! How acceptable a libation must thou have poured this morn! A statue shalt thou have on this spot—a statue tall and fair—and thy posterity, centuries hence, shall proudly garland it, singing soul-born pæans to thee and thus be stirred to victories as glorious to further enjewel thy princely name."

Tatia, with deepest flushing of gladness, treasures every epical word that the voice of the laudator drops. Ah, why? Does it matter to her—this victory, the panegyrics, the future honors? Do not Adeiro's gentle eyes come now between her and the bold warm glance that again seeks and finds hers?

The discoboli demand the next attention and applause. Fresh, vigorous, joyous in plenitude of life and strength, they evoke resounding admiration from the multitude. Again and again the dexterously hurled quoit flies beyond a remote mark set by an earlier winner. After the completest trial, Sullius is declared triumphant over all competitors, and he, too, has his cool wreath, his green bough, his ringing shouts of praise.

The chariot racing is to follow, and strained expectancy stands a-tiptoe. The four familiar colors are again displayed, but the contestants are not the same as in the horse race. Stop! this last, the green—is not that driver our godlike victor, doubly-wreathed, majestically exultant in his triumphs? It is he, unrivaled Thalassius! All lips now join the heart of Tatia in decreeing him the victory. And it is easy, so easy that the telling would be stale.

When the third crown is placed upon his stately head; while the amber-misted skies yet quiver with the thunderous roar of voices outleaping in applause; while a singing bird in Tatia's

soul struggles for liberty to soar into the deep empyrean, the noble form of Thalassius is suddenly lost to view. A body of Roman youths have swept across the race course, and now bear fleetly down upon the space allotted to their guests. They are not dull-witted people, these Oscans; yet are they mystified now, indeed. It must be some hospitable rite the new townsmen would perform; some honor they would tender their neighbors. Speedily the runners are in their midst, and almost momentarily have turned and are fleeing back, each bearing in his arms a terrified Sabine maiden. Fathers, brothers, plighted lovers, start tempest-mad to the rescue; a serried array of broadswords and stout pila welcomes them on the Romuleian side; and though beyond it they hear wild cries from lips they hold dearest, what can weaponless men do?

"Home, and to arms!" their leader calls. "To-morrow, rescue and revenge!"

Acron has fallen, and with him Caenina, her glory and her fairness, before the flaming arms of the battle-god's son. On a temple's wall in the Tiberine village hangs the armor of the royal victim—*spolia opima* to Jupiter Feretrius.

Crustumium followed Caenina, battled as fiercely and as sadly fell. Antemnae closed the darkling list. Rome and Rome's king stand undaunted, defiant, sufficient in might.

Three months of scarcely ceasing combat have passed since the fateful Consualia, and yet the monstrous wrong against the Sabini stands unexpiated. Until to-day they have chafingly allowed their neighbors to fight—and lose—their battles for them. A leader stretched on the couch of deathly illness, rival commanders thwarting each the impatient preparations of the other, an attack by a savage horde from the Appennine fastnesses to be met and resisted—such trials have come between that day and this, embittering with greater gall the injury, and sweetening, as the figs on a sunny slope of the Anio, the foretasted revenge. The solemn, gold-vestmented sun shall not to-day dip himself in cool seas of the Occident until he has seen this Erebus blot on the Sabine name dyed a thousand times over in Roman blood.

Last night, Tarpeia, a child whose innocent eyes were momentarily bedazzled by shining stones and barbaric gold, dropped suddenly from the heights of patriotism on which all women walk. But ere the Capitoline fortress is wholly in the hands of Mettus Curtius, Tarpeia's traitorhood is blotted out. The small, crushed body shall never inclose the anguish of a soul hunted down by remorse or shame.

Through the girl's death-paid treachery the enemy possess the stronghold. Rome awakes ere light to find a ruffian-grasp ready to throttle out her fair life.

It is a struggle for existence that follows, and each hour of the fierce day is filled with deadly combat—furious attack and tense resistance.

Between Palatinus and Capitolium lies many a Sabine, many a Roman, dead and dying. But at last, as the shadows of the poplars greaten, Curtius and his Oscans, making a wilder onslaught, hew a wider way, and press forward. Alas! Just as his side needs him most sorely, Hostilius, commander of the Romans, falls, his right temple crushed by a mighty blow from a battle ax.

They see him go down, and one side is filled with dismay and one with savage joy. The heart of a jungle boar passes into each Sabine breast, and a resistless panic seizes the opposing line. Victorious must the Sabines be.

King Romulus, at first borne out by the general rout, soon disentangles himself, and standing on a blood-sprent knoll with the dead at his feet, he lifts his arms to heaven and cries: "O Jupiter, father, commanded by thy birds I have here laid the foundation of my city on the Palatine Mount. Our enemies hold the citadel, fraud-bought. They are advancing with flaming swords; they have passed the middle of the valley. Help, great diety! Keep back the invaders; smite with quick death the terrors of my Romans and stop their guilty flight. And to thee, as Jupiter Stator, do I solemnly vow to erect, on this spot, a temple, as testimony to our future people that their city was saved by thy present aid."

Then, waving his red blade to his subjects, he deeply shouts: "Romans! Jupiter, supremely good and powerful, commands you to halt at this spot and renew your conflict!"

The voice, the mien, the words, of the god-born inspire new valor in each Roman breast. They turn, rally, stand unshaken before the second tempest-rush. A disaster on the other side now shakes fearfully the wavering balance. Mettus Curtius is embogged. After all, whose will be the victory?

On a fair declivity of the Hill Palatine, overlooking the battle-storm, stands the princely home of the wealthiest and most puissant patrician of the new city. In the upper part of the house is a little chapel consecrated to the Lares and Penates, but shrining, too, an altar to Feronia and to Fauna each. Here the noble master and the beautiful mistress worship singly and together the tutelar deities of their two faiths. To-day Tatia

has made the offerings alone ; and though Feronia's altar gleams with the waxen myrtle buds, while Fauna's is odorous with roses and violets, yet the Roman gods have shared her votive gifts and her tearful supplications. Even now she stands, small hands uplifted and soft, streaming eyes upraised, before the serpent-figured shrine, with its murrha vase and its quaint golden lamp. From her lips bursts a prayer to all the divine powers to guard Thalassius, and return him to her arms.

From the valley a heavy wave of sound floats up to her anxious ears. It is the triumphant cry of the Sabines ; well she knows it. Beating her bosom, she hurries purposeless from the lararium into the statued atrium. Moaning she sinks upon a purple-couched lectus. But with meteoric swiftness comes a hope, a vague plan, a resolve. Pausing not for outdoor covering—the graceful palla—but merely catching up a yellow veil ; clad simply in the short-sleeved, gold-cinctured, violet stole she darts through the ostium and into the open air. Fleet as Aurora's summer climbing, she runs from home to home where sit the Sabine spouses of Roman lords.

Down in the valley the prowess of the Romuleian side seems winning, and Oscan valor fainting. The soldiers of Mettus Curtius have at last rescued him from the quagmire in which his poor brute is sinking with great gasps and pitiful whinnings. On a new steed, Curtius, disheartened, vainly calls a rally of his forces. Romulus rushes upon him. Both are unhorsed, and fight hand to hand. The king drives a death-stroke at Mettus, but it is warded off by a young Greek who has all day been conspicuous on the Sabine side. He now raises a battle-ax over Romulus just as Curtius has made an attack from the other part. Thalassius flies to his king, and he and the Greek grapple, as Romulus and Curtius parry each other's blows. Thalassius soon has the Hellene down, and is steadying himself to give the last blow, when in their bloody midst vibrate female calls and cries.

The calm of deep amaze falls over all. Tatia, her hair like the wind-beaten coronilla, has run down to them, and following her come all the other stolen wives. With white bare arms waved supplicatingly, they adjure Roman husbands and Sabine fathers and kinsmen to cease this fratricidal slaughter, and lay down those arms, swearing nevermore to encrimson them with such blood.

"We are glad, proud wives," speaks one through the silence that has dropped over them. "Come, beloved parents and brothers, dwell with us and see how enviable a fate it is to be a Roman matron. And in the great days to be, the mightiest race

of earth, shall, with swelling pride, invoke on the memory of this blessed hour the immortality of Sabus and Mars."

There is hesitance, there is slow turning from one to another, there is incertitude of leaders. Then suddenly a conference is called. The slender Greek whom Thalassius has struck down has, meantime, risen, and with gaze on a violet-stoled woman, amber-haired and with yellow veil blown back from the leaping pulse in her bare lily throat, he draws softly nearer to her.

"My beautiful, my Tatia! but I will save you, or I will pour out my life at your feet!" he murmurs.

"No, no, Adeiro," she answers him with passionate, repellent gesture; "go, I beg you; return to Epirus. Your love was very fair; but it can not be that my heart was ever yours. For now I am as blest as was the Psyche you told me of, in the palace of her Eros. Nothing can mar my blessedness save your unhappiness. Farewell, and go now; I will not cease to pray your lovely Cyprian Aphrodite to nest her white doves in your tender heart."

When Latona's boy sinks amid the billowy, croconic softnesses of his couch, peace reigns where slaughter has raged.

On the Hills Palatine and Capitoline, Roman and Sabine are to grow into a brotherhood indissoluble. And the sons of the most noble Thalassius and beautiful Tatia shall fill earth's proudest throne; shall sway a scepter reaching beyond even the Hesperidean paradise and ultimate, dream-misted, shadow-trodden Thule.

Leonora Beck.

REASSURING.

REMEMBER this, oh, timid heart,
 Danger is restricted,
 No wound can ever scar the soul,
 Unless 'tis self-inflicted.

Lizzie Walker.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

IT is very difficult for any one of us to feel that adversity can be of any benefit to him. The outer world may be more beautiful to us when flecked with light and shadow; when the cloud on one hand makes the sunbeam on the other side seem brighter, but the soul itself prefers eternal sunshine. The snow sleeping in unsullied white beneath the moon is very fair to look upon, but it has no beauty to the lonely traveler who plods along his weary way among its drifts; he longs for the closed curtains, the blazing back log or the ruddy grate.

But it can not be denied that all adversity is potent in the building up of souls. "Not ignorant of misfortune I know how to succor the distressed," said Dido when Eneas and his men were cast upon her shores. Warm hearted and full handed as she was she gave even to her own succeeding sorrows. But in giving and in loving the monotony of a dreary life was changed for her into a season of exquisite joy. Although the summer of her love was brief, yet in that smiling time, perhaps, she lived through all the tense excitement of a lengthened life. Her happiness, her woes, have lived for many centuries in many human hearts, and many a maid would rather be a Dido for one year of life than be Penelope forever working at her loom; as many a youth would brave the dangers of the deep to be Eneas for awhile.

It has been said that a man in a deep well can see the stars in day time. We all know that in imminent danger the sense of fear is absent and a certain high exhilaration takes its place. We fear danger at a distance and when it comes we meet it with a strange delight—almost a welcome. So misers have starved themselves to death from fear of poverty, and poor men have battled with it day by day, with light hearts and cheerful countenances. Oftentimes the rich man has nursed his gouty foot and cursed his doctor because he had no appetite, while the tramp was happy with the half a loaf of musty bread he fished out from the gutter. How many of us are there to-day whose stomachs rebel at sight of fresh pork, but whose memories of the stolen pig cooked by the army camp-fire, or on the smoldering coals along the picket posts, makes yet his mouth water. To a rich man there is delight in remembering that he was once poor; to a sated man, better than a full meal is it to remember how he was once hungry. Out of contradictions is the human mind constructed, and from the elements of unrest within us comes our energy.

I was traveling once on the train with a rich man who loved

his dinner and could eat it. We were in the smoking car, and near us were some colored preachers returning from a Conference, or some other gathering of their church. They were merry as larks, and when not telling anecdotes were singing hymns in concert and making real melody as they sang. Their countenances fairly shone with the oil of good feeding. Yet I knew that my friend spent more money in one day on his eating than one of them would spend in a month. When the noon hour came the singing and the jesting ceased. Each of those men produced his little package with which some good sister had endowed him for sustenance upon his journey. Chicken, ham, pork, fish, bread, pickles, pies and other articles of food were soon visible. Then after a short blessing by one of them they began to eat. The leg of a chicken would be drawn through a pair of comprehensive lips once and the meatless bone cast out of the car window. If it was the leg of a small chicken, even the bone uttered its last will and testament with a crunching sound, and was entombed together with the flesh. One bite at a pie took at least a third of its circumference, and biscuits and slices of ham went one at a time as if they had been sugar-coated pills. The gods on Mount Olympus never so enjoyed ambrosia or the honey of Hymettus. When they had finished each one lit a cheap cigar and, lolling back, became an ebony picture of content.

My friend sighed wearily and said, "I would give half my fortune for the appetite of one of those negroes." And I knew he would have kept his word.

I dined with this man on that day. All the delicacies to be had were on the table. The sauterne gave us warm welcome with the soup, the sherry gave more color to the fish, the claret smiled its ruddy greeting to the *entrees*, full-bodied Burgundy stood lustily beside the game, redder than the blood of antelopes, and with dessert the champagne laughed its bubbling invitation to our kisses. The coffee and cognac and cigars came, and there in the clouds of delicate blue smoke, again my friend sighed and said that he would give a thousand dollars if he could pull the leg of a chicken through his lips and enjoy the act as much as one of those negroes did. After all the delicacies of his dinner had been tried in vain, he envied those poor darkies crunching chicken bones and swallowing sodden pies and half-cooked biscuit in the musty smoking-car.

And so it is with most of us. The instinct of barbarism has never gotten out of us. If the wolf is not at the door there is apt to be some traces of the wolf within us. To fight the battle, to win it, to conquer and subdue, gives us a lasting pleasure while the wedge of gold and costly raiment which we took are but the playthings of an hour. In the day of his prosperity

the earth opened up and swallowed Achan, but Moses in his poverty and many tribulations lived on, and ate the manna of the Lord, until he rested on the top of Nebo.

There are always clouds about the mountain tops, but oftentimes the mountain tops pierce through the clouds and meet the smiling sun above. So to a stern and rugged nature comes sometimes the touch of snow, the impulse of the chilling west wind, and it shakes the clouds from off its brow and dallies with the sunbeams. It seeks heaven through the mists, and lifts itself up to the sky in spite of opposition. Earth lies below it, the clouds encompass it, but heaven smiles a benediction on its granite brow. The plain is fertile but the mountain is a monument to coming generations.

Souls are of many kinds. Some are muck heaps ; some are level lands, fruitful with waving grain. Some are mountains, sterile but significant. God made each beast of the field after his kind ; did he not make each soul after its kind, and for a purpose ? And does he not give unto each soul such discipline as he thinks needful ? Let us not question the divine will—unto every soul is meted the portion it deserves.

The significance of suffering is reflex in its nature—rather should I call it duplex. Sorrow is the teacher of the soul which suffers ; and the suffering soul is an incentive to the soul at rest. The biting frost which comes to one calls out its energy, and the warm winds and laughing sunbeams make the other fruitful unto charity. Strength comes to one from frequent struggles ; love comes to it from the tender pressure of a clasping hand, and the other soul grows stronger in its helpfulness. That it can reach down to a brother in the dust and lift him up makes it divine—makes it akin to God. Had man no one to fight, his manhood soon were gone ; had he no one to help he soon would turn to stone.

So the uses of adversity are twofold ; it is a spur to him who suffers it, and he in turn excites his neighbor to a higher and a better life. The poor man shivers in his rags and longs for work ; the rich man gives him work and pays him for it. Both men are bettered by the trade and what is done makes all the world more beautiful. The Israelites in Egypt were but slaves, and labored as no people ever did before or since. The men who drove them to their tasks are unremembered mummies now ; but the names of Moses and Joshua, of David and Solomon and Jesus are known to all tongues and revered among all nations. And still the pyramids rise from the desert sands, mute witnesses for them. Through centuries of persecution, of hate, and of contumely, the Jews have lived, until they hold the treasure keys of every land. In patience, in suffering, in sor-

row they have been as one, among many peoples they have remained a solid nation; as a ball of cement squeezed in the hand becomes more dense, so have they by oppression come the closer to each other. Behind them lies a literature such as no other race can show. Historians, philosophers, poets, teachers, and dreamers have they been in every land and under every sky. The Jew is a Jew in Africa or Sweden—you may know him everywhere. The obloquy, the spite, the persecution that they had to bear have made of all the Jews a solid mass whose magnitude few people understand. And rising up from earth, impelled by this oppression now they stand, a mountain to itself with Heaven's light upon its highest peak.

The very troubles through which these people have passed have made them strong, compact and energetic. So they became forceful, and in their humility and patience they have outlasted other nations upon whom the sun shone and the zephyrs of the springtime blew. In adversity and sorrow, through trials and tribulations, they have come, until a Disraeli sways empires and a Rothschild governs kingdoms. In these modern days the persecutions of the past bear fruit. The despised Jew holds the purse strings, and everywhere has persecution and oppression and adversity made men strong. In mankind the rebound is greater than the impact. Calvin was dashed against the solid wall of Rome, and the answer came in John Knox and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Luther was condemned as heretic, and Germany answers now "*adsum*" when the roll of Protestant communities is called. Latimer and Ridley died, and Cranmer burned the hand that had offended first, and from the ashes where they stood the Church of England rose. The Jesuit, hunted down and cursed, a criminal by law and barely tolerated by the Holy See, pursued the even tenor of his way, "wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove." To-day he rules the church; in every land his power is felt, and, on the walls of sacred shrines, Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier are venerated by the worshippers. To suffer and be strong, to die if need be for the truth and liberty, makes all mankind a pupil of the right. For a man to die manfully in a bad cause is nobler than for another one to live falsely in a good cause. The example of courage, of strength, of calm endurance is worth more than many lives of cowards.

Let us not be narrow; let us look at mankind from every standpoint; the main standpoint, of course, being ourselves. We know, naturally, our own weaknesses, and are the keener in looking for the faults of others. They see us as we see them. We excuse our own faults and condemn theirs. They excuse themselves and blame us. And Jesus Christ stands between us

both, saying: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Both of us slink away like the scribes and Pharisees did, because we know that neither of us is without sin. The poor man may be poor by shiftlessness, the rich man may be rich by avarice and greed. Neither can cast the first stone for both are conscience-stricken. So the second lesson of adversity comes. Let us be charitable to each other. Not charitable solely in the sense of paying the dollar to the fund for helping poorer people than we are. One of the lessons of adversity should teach us that the poor are tempted. If you have suffered hunger and thirst, you know what it is to be a wolf—an enemy of mankind. You know how the craving of your body urges you to every evil that will bring temporary gain. You know a man can barter reputation for a mess of pottage just as Esau sold his birthright. You know how a woman can be forced to shame, using her soul to save her fragile body from the cold. Have pity upon all such, as you would have the good God take pity upon you. If you have never known adversity you can not understand this. In the soft life you live, in the easy chair with slippers and dressing-gown consorting to your comfort, it does not seem to you that any one could do a wrong for gain. The boy in tattered clothes who sells his papers on the street could give you lessons in philosophy. Not ignorant of misfortune, that vile-mouthed boy knows how to succor the distressed, and though he swears and drinks and smokes, yet is he ready with the helping hand for one in need, with sympathy for one in trouble.

"Lead us not into temptation" is only part of the grand petition in the Lord's prayer, "but deliver us from evil" is the other part. No man has ever yet fully understood the marvelous philosophy of that most wonderful of all prayers. Its every sentence is an aphorism, its every word suggestive. Few have ever gathered the full significance of this one sentence. Only the one who has known adversity can fully know how easily we may be led into temptation. Only the one who is now prosperous knows how easy it is to "deliver us from evil." The rich man who was once poor can answer this petition as God's agent. The rich man who never knew misfortune will hardly hear it quoted at the club.

But too much adversity, just as a life of never-clouded prosperity, unfits man for his high destiny. The oak and the elm must have the storms of winter to lash their boughs and the snows of winter to drift about their trunks. None the less must the sun of August drift through their quivering leaves. So the grandest types of people have been those spurred on to energy by the winter's rigor and rewarded for their labor by the fruitful summer. Extremes meet. Greenland and Borneo are much alike in their

development—only the peoples from more temperate lands can make of them a better land than those already there have made. The conquerors of the world come from the North, and the warrior rides upon the stage of history with snow upon his helmet. The sharp sting of the frost, though as painful as the bee-sting, yet brings man to the quest of honey, and the blast of the wild west winds is a trumpet note of battle.

Among the ancients it was thought that whom the gods were preparing to destroy they first endowed with singular good luck. It is told of one man that his fortune was so uniformly good that he became afraid, and caused himself to be rowed out to sea where playing his hand among the waves he lost from off his finger, as if by accident, a ring, the most precious of its kind in all the world. He hoped thus to cheat the gods, and proclaimed his ill-luck with much lamentation. But the gods divined his purpose, and the next day his servant bought fish in market, and when he came to dress them found in one of them his master's ring. On learning this he knew that the decrees of heaven could not be avoided, so he took leave of his friends, arranged his business, manumitted all his slaves, and bled himself to death.

Whether this be fable or the truth it shows that everywhere, in every time, there is a strong belief in men that one must know adversity if he would be a truly happy person. "Whom the gods love die young," the ancients say, for if they lived long adversity was sure to come, else life were stagnant for them. "Whom God loveth, he chasteneth," says the Bible; and in modern times it is a wise saw "that more people can stand adversity than prosperity." Men are much like pears; those which have known only the April showers and the summer's sun are small and dry; but those which cling to a stubby bush till frosts fall and autumn winds at last detach them are great, mellow, full-hearted fruit, fit for the granaries of heaven. The sweetest juices are those driven back into the heart by the coldness of the world without. The most angelic souls on earth are those of women who are invalids for years, and know no solace from their pain except in thinking pure thoughts, in doing good, in gazing lovingly into a flower's heart. To know such people is a continual reminder of our own unworthiness; to see them now and then is a tonic to our consciences; even to hear of them makes one better for the "God bless her!" which his heart utters before his lips can speak. His blessing recoils upon himself, even as curses come home to roost, and the good he wishes her shall come to him.

"Farewell," said the fox in the German fable, "you moralize too much." Shall my readers say that of me? Perhaps so,

perhaps not. I love to talk freely in these essays with those who care to read my printed thought, just as I would if they were sitting by me. And there is a class—large now and growing constantly—of people in this land who love to think on matters not ephemeral. To them the philosophy of life is a subject of unabated interest. To them humanity is an ever present study, a vast book never fully to be known by any one. To that class it is well to speak, for words to them fitly spoken will bear fruit in after years. When the laughter of the ball-room, and the whispers in the conservatory, and the chatter on the staircase are hushed, and the lights are turned out and the odor of perfumes has died away, the voice of truth is yet with us—a still, small voice, but undying and unchanging.

So after all the greatest lesson of adversity is charity. The poor divide their scraps of bread between each other, the tramp hunts in couples, even the thief has his "pal," so that if one is caught the other shall help him to go free. Freezing people huddle together for warmth, while the rich man sleeps alone. In sorrow, in suffering, even in sin, humanity finds a closer bond of union than any social law can give it. And surely there must be in every impulse for common good and mutual help some element of power. The Savior of mankind said to his chosen followers: "Little children, love ye one another!" And if love grows best upon the icy slopes of sorrow and misfortune it is well to visit there sometimes.

But sometimes the mountain peaks become too barren for this flower to grow upon their rocks. Sometimes the wolves are maddened by the long protracted snow and even eat each other. Then goes up the cry to the good God, "deliver us from evil!" Then the Levite may pass by, the priest from the door of his temple may proclaim "*procul, oh, profanum vulgus!*"—stand afar off, ye common rabble—but the man of Samaria who has known hunger and pain and sorrow comes close to the heart of the sufferer and pours the oil into his wounds. As this is written the deep snow lies drifted on a shivering earth; it has lain there for weeks until birds forget their nature and seek the barnyards for some little sustenance. And the fowls in the barnyard come to peck food from the open hand, all fearless of the pot and frying pan. Even the crows, those arrant thieves, go miles to dip their beaks in water, since every stream and pond is frozen up. It is a white winter when men are dying with the cold and hunger of the time. Have you ever suffered? Were you ever poor? Remember then the uses of adversity. "Faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

J. Soule Smith.



TO A FLOWER FROM MT. SAN JACINTO.

DEAR Manzanita from my one-time home,
I welcome thee. Thy face a greeting bears
From broad sierras, canyons wild and snowy ;
I breathe again my pines, the music hear
Of cataracts, the blue sky touch. Alone,
Save for my eagle friends, I gaze serene
Beyond the valley's dust and toil and care,
And, like the future, on the western verge
See ocean's gleam. Poor flower, I pity thee ;
The message costs thine exile. Home, to thee,
Is lost forever. Yet I'd rather be
Like thee, dead leaf, with memories sweet and pure
Of ether realms, the loftier peaks of life,
The homes of hope, ambition, love—than live,
Immortal, in the vales. Ah ! would I were
One of those souls most rare, who dwell so high
They dream not of the world's mean state, but see
The heaven-ward side of earth's tumultuous storms !

George W. Johnston.



WHY SHE ACTED QUEER.

NOT the best of grammar even in the title, for queerly would be more proper, and strangely would be more elegant. I know that, but my aunt used the expression about my cousin Maude, and my aunt thinks that a person who is still taxed for a million in city houses, even in these days of real estate collapse, is competent to take liberties with those forms of speech, which after all, depend upon "the practice of our best writers and speakers." She is the one who has the property, and entirely in her own right, for I am only a Baptist pastor, owning nothing to speak of this side of Jordan.

Maude has been attending our church for many months, and when her father died, leaving her an orphan—for her mother has been in the

Saint's Rest these five years—I was the one to call the attention of my aunt to the fact that the salary of uncle Wilfred from the bank died with him, and that Maude must be entirely destitute, seeing that the new cashier took the rooms over the bank, and that there was no property. Even the furniture belonged where it was. Aunt Fannin heard me very ungraciously, for I was too new in her good graces to have any rights of speech. Her husband and infant boy, the only child that she had ever had, died almost together a little more than two years ago, and she fully trusted her agent and her well trained and long kept servants, and she only loved her dog Julian. This was a beautiful black King Charles spaniel, with yellow spots over his intelligent eyes, and, as a very little puppy, had been a gift from me, when the death of her babe at five months old, and the still continuance of the natural food for it, had given her days of agony. The dog was the only apparent tie between us, for she felt as if heaven had wronged her in taking away her own, and she did not like children and had been reared by her own father to believe that the host of poor relatives, now mostly scattered in the West, only lived with a view to her money. She had rather ungraciously asked me to live in the house, at her cost, after some burglars had tried her windows in search of her heavy plate, and she liked me next to the dog. I had once in a sermon spoken of Julian the Apostate as a very black character, and she had said at dinner: "I am tired of calling, dog-



gie, doggie! when I want him, and he is black enough to be Julian," and so he was. He was a little mixed, but not enough to spoil his long silky hair, nor the long silken ears that brushed the carpet when his nose was seeking the track of a lost ball. He had the intelligence of a child, and the ways of a spoiled one, and when my grand-aunt in her richest *gros-grain* and diamonds in her ears got down on the gleaming ruby and autumn leaves of the carpet and let him pull her handkerchief to shreds, notwithstanding the almost impossibility of sweeping lint off a velvet carpet, and when he would hide his head under the pillow of the sofa, and she would hide the ball for him to find, or when *she* would hide her face, and he would hide the ball for *her* to find, and she would laugh until the tears came, and cry: "You are hot, Julian! You are burning!—Ah—now you are cold!" in the old childish game of hide-and-seek, I wondered if this *could* be the queenly person who had only needed to look squarely at my most officious deacon, when he undertook to reprove her for not belonging to the Dorcas Society, and that fussy and determined man shrunk away like a rebuked school-boy.

It was in one of her warm and happy "dog-days," as she called them, although the almanac spoke of November, 1877, that I had spoken of Maude. She had kicked the ball away, centennial patriotic inscription and cracked Independence Bell of 1776, and all that the teeth of Julian had left upon it, and then she said shortly: "I don't like kinspeople, and while you turn out better than I expected, it is easier for a man and woman to get along than for two women. She is boarding with that vinegar-faced Mrs. Clarke, why can't she stay there?"

"I don't see how she can have any money," I suggested.

"Neither have you, but you live," she said.

"I have a good salary," I said.

"Why can't she get—" she began, and then seeing where her remark would lead, said: "Can't I pay her board?"

I told her how friendless the girl was, now that our great family was scattered from Iowa to Texas and California.

Julian came up and jumped on the sofa and began to softly bite my aunt's ear, diamond and all. She smiled, and said: "Tell her that she is never to slap nor scold my dog, and if he rips her dresses and handkerchiefs, I will pay for them. Go now before I take it back."

Before night, Maude, and a very light trunk, were occupying the long disused bed-chamber for wealthy guests, and as I passed the open door I saw by her face that the rosewood wardrobe with its birds-eye maple lining and door of one great mirror,

and the vast rosewood bed and furniture of laced pillows and silken spread, and the corner cupboards of mirrors, and the bureau where marble and mirror and rosewood contended in carving and beauty, and the blue velvet carpet where her feet sank as in moss, and the blue satin of easy chairs that swallowed her—that all this frightened her more than it made her at home.

I shut my eyes to her glorious beauty of splendid brown eyes and crown of hair and noble face with the tinge of olive and roses mixed with snow ; for she had seriously offended me, and I thought that she had insulted Christ. It was with an effort that I had done my duty in speaking for her, but it was with less effort that I had kept still as to the offense, for I knew that if my aunt had not been immersed as a girl, it would take a Spurgeon to lead her to the water now. Maude had seemed to me for months, the most earnest and sincere of the little band of Sabbath-school scholars to whose love for the Crucified I was trying to impart the needed Christian knowledge. At last she had openly professed her faith, first to the teacher, then to me, and my dry and venerable deacons, used as they were to a lifetime of hearing touching experiences, had wept with me, as she told hers. Our Friday night meeting took its glow and warmth from her public profession, and her face was all smiles as she went quietly into the robe-room with the committee of ladies to take their instructions as to preparation for baptism. When at last one dear, motherly woman said to her : "Come by seven, so as to have ample time," she saw that Maude was pale even to the lips, as with drooping eyes she said :

"I shall not be baptized at present."

Then they in the room, young converts and all, were about her, and all with questions and exclamations. "Did she doubt her conversion?" "No." "Had her faith failed?" "It had not." "Was she afraid of the water?" "No." "Was she in bad health?" "No." "Would she give a reason?" "No." And so it all ended. I was sent for, but it was just the same. With a warning not to play fast and loose with the Holy Ghost, which I might have spared her, seeing that she looked like the dead, we came away, and it was in part to see her daily that I had ventured to speak to my aunt so soon. I did not suppose that she could be in need of money for a year or two, and her father had been laid in Woodlawn Cemetery only a year.

All went evenly along until near the close of December, and my real story lies all within that week. Julian had loved Maude from the first hour, and now had two to sit on the carpet at opposite ends of the long dining-room and toss his ball, or to

play hide-and-seek with him, and comb his black silken hair and ears.

It was a warm, sunny day, more like Georgia, or English Kent than a New York December, and while the furnace was sending faint warm breaths through the house it was only for the beauty of it that my aunt used to turn on the gas for the terra-cotta imitation of rough barked Yule logs in the library, and light the jets from the hundred little holes so that a real flame played through the asbestos films and looked more like a genuine wood fire than I ever thought possible. I remember



that the fire had been let go out in the grate in the dining-room, which was the favorite sitting-room, being of southern exposure, and that I had drawn a little thunder by presuming to meddle with my aunt's house-keeping. The coal scuttle of copper, burnished like a mirror, sat on its mat with the coal half used, and the other half all a-tip front, as in pouring out. I asked if I should ring for the maid to take it away until next needed.

She replied sharply: "I keep the furnace going when I much prefer to see the glow in the grate, just to save the backs of the poor girls. Coal is heavy, if you ever lifted half a bushel

of it, and I bought that bright copper-thing so as not to offend particular people like you. Let it alone."

I said I thought that she had forgotten it.

"I forget nothing," she said. "You wanted to put the sal-ammonia and water in the jars of my burglar-alarm battery, because you were college bred and understand electricity. I don't doubt your capacity, but it is worth a dollar to the poor educated man who always comes to do it. You wanted to put the bolt on the shutter. You can use a screw-driver, but my carpenter has a family. Now you want a servant to jump at the bell. Don't fidget, but just be lazy and happy like—like—like Julian and I."

I laughed and walked over to the drawing-room and back into the library, and heard the door-bell ring, and my aunt, true to her principles, going to open the door. The window next the back veranda was partly open to let the heated furnace air out, and a trim maid and the coachman, her lover, were talking. He was praising her hair of blue black and Irish texture.

She said: "Mine is good enough for the loikes of me, but you should just see our new young lady with *her* hair down."

Christy, the man, replied scornfully: "Yis, and on the table, I'll be bound! You didn't buy yours."

"No more did she," said the maid warmly, "for it was for the strings that I looked fust off, and the hair pins, but I have combed every thread of it and it's as fine as cobweb and as tight there as the tails of them lovely horses of yourn."

The man whistled in surprise, and said: "Thim purty cheeks now?"

"Ginuine too, and no soap ever starts the color and she ain't showed chalk nor carmine vinegar on her bureau yit, nor don't need to," said the girl.

"But thin the white riguler teeth of her," said the coachman, as if sure of his point now.

"As sound as a grindstone and as tight in her head as mine, and a sight whiter and purtier," said the energetic defender of Maude.

I felt a little guilty in thus hearing of the real ownership of her own beauty by my cousin, although no sacred secret existed for betrayal, and when Christy said, being yet infidel as to the reality of fine ladies: "She moves like the queen as I once saw, is—"

I moved quickly away to avoid particulars about which my mind was easy, and heard my aunt calling me.

Her agent was with her and a roll of large bills lay on the table, and Maude sat near it with her finger in the pages of

Spurgeon's book on David, from which she had been about to read aloud. Her love for the dog had won my aunt, and the pretty girl now stood as well or better than I did. My aunt's property had been so wisely located that her rents had not fallen, and the money on the table was a quarterly income of more than five thousand dollars which she required her agent to bring in large notes for speedy counting. She wanted me to verify his memoranda of the numbers of the notes and I did so. They were all of one bank and consecutive when of the same denomination. Then I wrote the receipt to the agent for her to sign in his book, and he went away, and aunt put the roll of money in a Russia leather case that made no great bulk of the five-hundred and one hundred dollar notes, and she said: "Take a fifty for change and go over and pay our gas bill before tea and Maude shall read me to sleep." The lovely girl began her faultless reading of the book as I went out.

Tea was just up on the elevator as I came back and the table shone under the softened light of the gas in its pure porcelain of pink and gold, and the heavy old silver tea service. Maude was in a plain dress of some soft wool, but very pretty with her white linen and ribbon adornments, and she now appeared sometimes at dinner in silk, while my aunt never wore anything else.

Suddenly my aunt felt in her large pocket and said: "Maude dear, I left all of that money under the sofa pillow; please hand it to me."

I moved to do so but Maude was first, and no guilty thing could have kept that sweet, unmoved face as she obeyed. She came back, still with true eyes and color just the same, and said: "It is not there, you must have moved it."

Aunt stared at her and then sprang up to look. The five thousand dollars, case and all, was gone. There was no servant in the room and the one who came was dismissed, and then we three looked in every corner and possible and impossible place, even moving out the ash-pan under the grate. It was of no use, and I saw with alarm that the evil and suspicious look of the day when all sorts of kindred had tried to borrow money was now in my aunt's fine, dark face, and that the black eyes had a glitter that boded no good to somebody. She exhausted search, and even sent me out to look under the great plate windows that had not been open and where there was no more likelihood than in the acres of ornamental cedars and pines of giant growth, or in the grapery or pear orchard. When I came back she sat down and bade us do the same. She said impressively: "Are you satisfied that it is not in the room?"

We said, "Yes."

She continued : " I knew it wasn't when it was gone from the sofa where I put it; you both saw me put it there ? "

" Yes," we said together.

" You, Richard, went out before I went to sleep and Maude says that no servant came in and that when she went out she told them below not to waken me, but to stay till I rang."

Maude and I assented.

She then said : " Either Maude or I must be the thief, and I don't sleep-walk."

Then Maude's cheek flamed like fire and she sprang up and took a step as if to strike the woman.

I touched her and said : " Bear it for Christ's sake."

Then she turned pale—as pale as in the robe-room of the church, and sank on the floor and covered her face and began to sob and moan : " Oh, mother, mother, mother."

" Pray," I whispered to her.

She shivered and said faint and brokenly : " The pity of Jesus is not for me. If mother could get to him in heaven and *knew*, she would not let him forsake me like this."

" *He* is our Advocate," I said.

" I have asked him to be," she said, " and oh, the awful silence of that heaven ! Oh mother, my poor dead mother, call me as father thought you did before he died."

My aunt was as unmoved as a stone. She said : " I act on reason, not feeling. I don't say that you took it, but I don't believe it took itself nor do you. You looked honest and I am a good judge of faces. But I want the matter cleared."

Maude now sprang up and flung back her hair, looking as Jael might have looked when she smote Sisera, and flung down her keys, crying : " Search my room—search my trunks—everywhere—I have been in the conservatory for the geranium for the tea-table—look there, do it quickly and clear me or you are no lady with all of your money and India shawls and old lace."

I was struck then with the woman nature that put dress superior to a mile of avenue houses.

My aunt said coldly : " You are of my dead husband's blood as Dick, here, is of mine. I would suspect him as soon if he had been here. I will never look inside of your room."

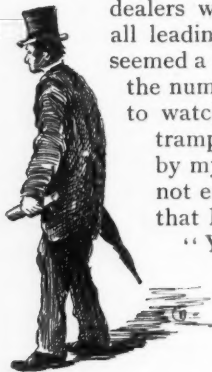
" Then I will leave the house," said Maude."

The reply was : " That will ruin the only hope to clear you. I would be forced to fear that you took the money with you. No, some one of the servants *may* have come for I sleep soundly, but Julian always barks at them and he did *not* bark. I am not a fool and I know that innocent people have died under less proof than these circumstances. But my husband said that on

a jury he would never hang a man on circumstantial evidence, and he knew more than I do, for he made the money. You will stay here just as usual. I will treat you the best I can. If you *did* it and will ever say so, I forgive you in advance, and not even Dick shall ever know *how* you were cleared. If you *didn't* it will come out, and I beg your pardon in advance. Only—I am human, and—five thousand dollars is a lot of money—I intended to buy you a thousand-dollar Steinway out of it and a silver collar for Jule here."

Maude went over and kissed her hand and then went to her room, and I rang for the servant.

I undertook to clear the mystery and went to work in the common way. The local banks of our suburb and money dealers were notified of the numbers of the notes, as were all leading city banks. Being large and consecutive, this seemed a sure thing and all tradesmen near by were given the numbers too. The lodge-keeper at the gate was told to watch all strangers off the premises and admit no tramps nor peddlars. This was done the next morning by myself and our agent, but the name of Maude was not even breathed to any. I told my aunt after lunch that I would go next for a detective.



"You will do no such thing," she said. "They are of no good unless they know the probable thief and no stranger has been here. If they knew him they would as soon divide with him halves, as to take five hundred dollars from me. A man of sense and education should find a clue and fol-

low it as well as one of them, and I have seen by your church conversations with the all sorts who do have religion and who pretend to, that you have that intuitive grasping of little things, that constitutes good mind-reading and the true detective instinct. When you got that letter signed by a doctor who sent the address of the suicide saved from Harlem River, you struck the key at once. You found a Philadelphia directory and no such doctor as he said he was in it, nor his place. You went to the mother of the man said to have been in the water and found that he had but three shirts and that she was his washerwoman, and none had been wet in a river. You showed the doctor's letter to the man's brother and hid the name, and he said it was his brother's writing. So it was only a clever begging letter, and no doctor or suicide. Now I am going to tell you some private matters about Maude and you are to convict her or clear her, by finding the clue."

"I don't want the secrets of a young lady," I said with a blush.

"Not to clear her?" said my aunt.

I was silent.

She disregarded my protest and proceeded: "Our kinswoman, Maude, did not stand well at her boarding-house, and while Mrs. Clarke is as ill-tempered as she is ill-looking, still she is competent to state facts. Don't look at me sideways—I know that my great fault is that I will listen to the reputed facts of fault-finders. I began it when I found out that the butcher and baker and grocer paid fees to my servants to run my bills as high as possible, and I have had a painter spend a week and charge for two, on a day's job. I once paid a man six times for putting up a range, and kept all of his receipts and gave them to him on the seventh call in the third year and made him pay five of them back. We rich don't have *all* roses. Now for Maude. She inherited from her mother the finest emerald-stone set in a brooch, that was ever seen in New York. Soon after her father's death, and about a month after she went to Mrs. Clarke's, she ceased to wear it, and gave evasive replies when asked about it. Mrs. Clarke felt that she had a right to know as it was in some sort security for her bills, and I expect that the woman hoped to get it. So she felt aggrieved. In a few months Maude, who was so timid, began to go out alone, and sometimes to stay until after dark, and give no account of herself."

"And why need she?" I interrupted indignantly.

My aunt pinched the ear of Jule and said: "This is too near New England for social liberty. I find it better to inform my neighbors in the next villas, when I send my carriage to be relined, that it is *not* sold, and I am much scolded for not giving a dancing party to you and Maude, and have to constantly remind these Episcopalians that we are poor, ignorant dissenters. Bah! You make me ramble! Keep still! Mrs. Clarke followed her one day and gave me, when she called here to tell me, the day after Maude came, the number and street of the brown-stone house where Maude seemed to spend the day. She said the gentleman who came out was very young, but had to admit that his wife and children smiled good-bye from the window. After this Maude had sore hands and had to wear gloves. Also, she took out paper parcels of large size, and brought no finished work home, as from a dressmaker's."

"I will not hear any more," I cried.

"You must," said my aunt, "for you can not tell in what trifle the clue will lie. But that will do for Mrs. Clarke. When the girl came here—and that is your fault, and I look to you for

my money—I spoke to her about not appearing at dinner, whether we had company or not, in silks such as she used to wear in the bank, suited to her station in life. She turned red and said that she hoped that I would excuse her for dressing plainly for a time. I did not ask her about the brooch, although I was once coarse and rude enough to offer her mother five hundred dollars for it."

Here my aunt paused and bit her lip, and then said: "I am now about to disgust you, for no servant should be encouraged to talk about a young lady. Bridget, the laundress, complained to me that the chambermaid had caught Miss Maude washing her own clothes in her room, and I know that some of her chairs have to be repolished from hanging wet things on them."

"This is shameful to tell to me," I protested.

"You keep still, and study the case," she said dryly. "If you were a doctor little you would ever know of your patients. The one reason that the modern pulpit is so worthless is that it only looks for sin in drunkards and fast men, and takes the angelhood of all well-dressed people for granted. St. Paul would have a call to resign, at his first sermon to one of our refined congregations of starched and ironed sinners! Bridget also complained that Miss Maude sent next to nothing down to the laundry, and I had to apologize, for *she* is mistress there, and I only furnish soiled linen, soap, borax—and money."

"I sent for Maude," she continued, "and asked her pointedly if her linen needed replenishing. I am obliged to own that she looked ten times as guilty about this as she did about the five thousand dollars, and hung her head and said it *did*. 'Why, bless us, child,' I said, 'you are to come to me whenever you want money! Here, take these two hundred dollar notes and order the carriage at once for Stewart's. Is it enough?' She kissed me gratefully and said it was abundant, and was soon gone."

"Now, more servants' tattle. Jane, the maid, is the coachman's sweetheart. He told her and she told me that he put Maude down at the Fourth avenue doors. His horses were restive, and he had to drive them about. From Tenth street he saw her go out by the Broadway side, and wondered that she didn't ride, as the most of poor people want a carriage to cross the street—he didn't say so, that is *mine*—and she was gone half hour or more. He saw her come up Broadway—for coachmen must learn to be quick to know a walk or a dress, and keep no one waiting—and she was carrying a very large paper parcel in both arms. She came *through* Stewart's to the right door, and he got down to put it in, for she was tired out, and it was no store parcel, but badly done up in newspapers with a tow string."

"Done with *him*. The next day we had that eloquent young MacArthur to dinner, and she wore her emerald, and a black silk that I gave her when her father died. One thing more. Bridget apologized by telling me that a great lot of tumbled up things came down, but *all worn* and *all marked* in her name. How she guessed that the girl went for *new*, I can't tell. There is all that I can give you—now work up your case. I want to see her clear, so that I can beg her pardon, or convicted, so that I can get her another home. Either way, I shall not hurt her in name or person—now go along."

I spent the first hour of the rest in bed, in thinking, and then saw what to do and went to sleep. Early the next day, which was the third of the week of trouble, I went to the house where Mrs. Clarke had followed Maude, for the family attended our church, at rare times, but never came to prayer-meeting, being Presbyterians and members of Dr. Ramsay's. I gave date and description to my astonished young hostess, begging to reserve my reasons, and she promptly said: "Why, she answered my advertisement for a girl to come and do my children's washing, and she did not know how to save herself a bit, nor the use of the stationary tubs, and the soap and hot water and rubbing made her poor little hands bleed, but I kept her for months, although I often had to do her work over, for we all loved her and were so sorry for her. Do you know her?"

I said: "Yes, she is my second cousin, and has been foully slandered for going to strange places."

"Oh, dear me, and we never knew for certain that she was a lady! Do let me visit her."

I asked time, and went down to Tenth street. My idea was very large now. I walked down Broadway on the west side, as the coachman said that she did, and soon saw the sign of a famous diamond dealer and pawnbroker. I went up and asked about the emerald.

The solid-looking Jew said: "We do not inform of the acts of our customers."

I was ready for that and showed him the card of a detective that our agent had given me, and said: "You will tell all you know about stolen goods."

He said; "Is it possible! And she so young and innocent looking, too! Did she steal it?"

I said: "She is suspected of taking five thousand dollars or more."

"Is there a reward?" he asked, eagerly.

"Not for you," I said, "but there may be a magistrate."

He protested: "Ours is a secret business—our friends would

not come if it was not. I will tell you ; she wanted too much for it. It was the finest I ever saw outside of a crown collection, but there is no market for fine emeralds. They don't begin to shine their money's worth. I would have to unset it and sell it to Tiffany by weight at European price, duty off, for such things are so smuggled as to keep prices down. She did not take the idea, and it is not my line to talk *down* goods. It hurts me. I gave her a line to M. Cooke, 21 West Third street, who is in a line to talk freely. He did it so well that he got it for fifty dollars, and it must have cost four hundred dollars, trade price. Here is his card—stay, he will not talk unless I say so ; but—*she* has the stone."

I did not reply, but went to M. Cooke's. He was a short, rather handsome old man, but more wrinkled by pain of rheumatism than age, and very kind in his replies. He was not so much so with a seedy gentleman who came in with a closely-furled silk umbrella, saying very hurriedly : " A friend of mine is suddenly taken sick—he wants me to get two dollars on this—it cost six—it is not for myself—I have a plenty—I never was in a pawnshop before—no need to do it—make it two—you get two cents a month on the dollar, you know."

" Let me see it," said the unmoved broker.

" Oh, it's all right, you needn't open it," said the man.

He did open it, and it was split in a dozen places.—" Don't want it," he said.

" Make it fifty cents," said the detected fellow.

" Don't deal in handles," said the broker, and as the man went out, said to me : " Of course, if he had money, he would lend to his friend. He is the friend. Never in before, and how does he know of two per cent. a month ? They lie at me all the year round with that thing—yes, I had the emerald, and don't deny that I got it very low, and there is where we make our money. If it was stolen and I still had it, I would have to give it up. We have no protection. She took it out a month ago. Here is her ticket ; I always keep them awhile for mistakes. Here is the number of the note that I paid into bank from her—a good one for one hundred dollars. I gave her twenty-four dollars good money in change."

" Then there were twenty dollars more," I said quickly.

He said unwillingly—" Yes, but on her own things ; I could tell by her size and the marks. No, she didn't get full thirty dollars, for there was my interest."

" Will you kindly tell me of the other, all the same ? " I asked.

" I don't see no objections. Here are the tickets. Fifteen

dollars on five silk dresses, all worn. She saw a woman pawn one when she left the emerald, and watched what she got. Five dollars on ladies' underclothing, fine and embroidered, but worn and the name on, which hurts sale. We can't sell under a year, except we buy the ticket."

I thanked him and went away, leaving a five-dollar gold coin to his great surprise.

I went straight home to report. My aunt was so shocked



that she had to ring for water. Here was awful poverty, suffering bravely and silently endured—the sting of Mrs. Clarke's insinuations suffered for months—the poor place of laundress almost begged for and kept while her blood stained the water—the gem given by a dying mother parted with for food and shelter long before, for I now saw how the long row of carriages at my church door when her father died had swallowed up the balance of her money from his salary, and I had guessed before that her piano was now his white tombstone. And I saw as in

a vision, myself, with an almost passionate face, warning her not to trifle with the Holy Ghost in refusing baptism; and, oh, how clearly did I read now, as she stood pale and trembling in the midst of that committee of rich ladies in silks and sealskins,—that she *could not* own before them and her girl friends that she had been to a low pawnshop and did not have the one change of dry linen needed for immersion.

I told my aunt all of it, and said: "Is it possible that a heroic spirit like this, so determined to have no debts and never to beg of even you, who are so rich, could have stolen *your* money within two weeks of your gift of two hundred dollars, and within a month after the end of her sufferings, in the gift of a home for life?"

My aunt was crying bitterly, and said, "Oh, you detective, it is *me* that you make out the criminal. And—oh, God forgive me—it was only an hour ago that I sent her crying to her room, by offering to give her the whole five thousand dollars if she would only own that she had it—and yet, *who can have it?* I shall go crazy."

"Send for her, and tell her that she is no longer under suspicion, and that you only ask her to help us find the money, as one of us," I said.

"Are you sure this is sound sense, and not mere pity and sympathy?" she asked.

"As sure as I am that we would all be *now* condemned, if Christ had not died," I said.

She went herself for Maude, and I never knew what passed, but both came down pale and tired, but as equals again.

It was a mighty victory for my aunt to win, but the fact that the girl had suffered sooner than ask money of her was a new experience, and had won the day. "That was why she acted queer," she said to me, later, in her usual contempt for adjectives and adverbs.

It was the Saturday of the week, and we were again in friendly council of the whole, for five thousand dollars. Maude in her innocence, had come to take her subdued part, and aunt was kind in manner, but had fits of pale sternness in which I could see that the one person in the room that Monday was still looked after. No note of one of the numbers had been heard of and no servant had looked or acted out of the common way. They saw trouble, but guessed at matrimony. I was trying to take up the events in their most minute order, for my idea now was that my aunt had moved the money and forgotten it. We took it up, step by step, from my taking of the numbers to the search at tea time. Jule, as we now called the dog,

came up to Maude with his ball in his mouth, for a play. She put her hand on his head, and said to him: "Pretty doggie, I thought you were sick that time of tumbling everything about, for you lay still and only barked once."

"There is our clue," I said.

Maude and aunt both exclaimed "What! how can that have to do with it?"

I said: "He never barks when we are looking for a thing and he knows where it is, unless we are near it, and then he means, 'You are hot! you are burning!' just as you do."

"That is true," said aunt.

"He barked when you looked under the grate," said Maude, deadly pale in her emotion.

I went and moved the iron hearth again. The pretty Jule dropped his ball and began to leap and bark. My aunt sat down and covered her face and I knew that she prayed. Maude stood erect like a stone image. It was not there, as I knew, and I took up the Turkish rug and shook it. Still no money. The copper coal scuttle was still there, and my aunt had said, "We will have a fire at tea." The coal was level in it now, not heaped, and I began to lay it in the grate with my hand. The third handful turned up a red object, very black with coal-dust. I snatched it, tore it open, and laid it and the five thousand dollars in the lap of my aunt. Maude sank on the sofa and began to cry softly. My aunt looked bewildered and could only say, "Tell me how?"

"The dog took it from under the pillow, and hid it while you slept," I said. "See, he is now trying to get it again."

She flung it to him in utter self-disgust, and I had a time of it to save the bills from his teeth, for she was kneeling at the feet of Maude, with hands clasped and raised as to a saint, saying in such a voice as I had never heard from her, "My child, my darling, my wronged orphan charge—see, I kneel to you, I will give you everything I have if you will only forgive me. God never will unless you do, and, oh, how can I ever face your mother and she know this—what will my husband say when I see him? and you of his proud blood—oh, child, speak to me!"

I saw the girl—*my* girl now forevermore—fling her arms about her and cover her face with kisses, and I went out and left them rocking to and fro in each other's arms, and Jule howling in utter distraction and despair, for he did not know that his grand mistress could weep.

* * * * *

January of 1878 has barely gone, and I have been at my wit's end to *only* accept the very beautiful brown-stone house,

furnished far too fine for a minister, from top to bottom, and the deeds made to Maude, and a sum at the bank that I fear to mention, these hard times, and to escape the whole of aunt's property that she insisted on giving Maude—as aunt said: “Before I go quite crazy, and charge the combined clergy of New York with trying to steal it.” She even offered us Jule, which was a greater sacrifice.

God has made good of that week of misery, for I am a married man, and I know the worth of my wife. I need hardly say that she has received the “outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace.”

Henry Whitney Cleveland.

A SUNSET FANCY.

The west seems an illimitable golden sea
 Stretching from shores of earth, afar, afar,
 Beyond the white moon and the farthest star,
 To the strange shores that edge Infinity,
 And now and then what seems an argosy
 Sails outward from the sunset headland's bar.

I wonder often what their treasures are.
 I can not *know*, but it has seemed to me
 That heavenward-faring souls their freightage is.
 Behold! bark after bark goes sailing out
 Into the golden mystery of the west.
 Wilt pray to-night? Then let your prayer be this:
 When *we* set sail from shores of earthly doubt
 God grant we find the Islands of the Blest!

Eben E. Rexford.

INGERSOLL ON RENAN AND INGERSOLL.

IN a late issue of the *North American Review* is a sketch of Ernest Renan by Robert Ingersoll. Whether the article is a species of eulogistic apology, or the writer's own confession of no faith, is doubtful, but in regard to his position in the ranks of modern infidels he speaks with no uncertain sound, and speaks, moreover, with a rashness of statement and conclusions so unwarrantable that but for his bold dogmatism there would be few to listen.

Great as is his admiration for the departed doubter, Renan's conclusions hardly satisfy him, and that weakness of clinging to some tenets of old-time Christianity is only excused because of his supposed efficiency in helping to destroy what Ingersoll is pleased to call "the fictions of faith."

With Renan's blasphemy he is quite satisfied, and in jubilant triumph quotes from the French atheist these words—proof alike of the daring impiety of the one, and, as we shall see, of the inconsistency of the other.

"For my part," says Renan, "I imagine that if the Eternal were to send me to hell, I should succeed in escaping from it. I would send up to the Creator a supplication that would make him smile. The course of reasoning by which I would prove to him that it was through his fault that I was damned would be so subtle that he would find some difficulty in replying. The fate which would suit me best is purgatory—a charming place, where many delightful romances begun on earth must be continued."

These godless words Ingersoll pronounces "good philosophy, sound and solid sense," and yet criticises the Hebrews as a nation whose views of the Creator were very limited.

"God was regarded," he tell us, "as simply an enormous man; a great king with a throne in the heavens, using the earth to rest his feet upon, and regarding Jerusalem as his holy city."

Decidedly a low estimate of Deity, only a few grades above this modern thinker, joking of the Eternal and boasting of his probable wit in getting the best of an argument with the Almighty. But the accusation is unjust to those ancient Jews. Contrasting the blasphemous words just quoted with these from David we may learn something of the Hebrew conception of God. With reverent adoration the psalmist exclaims:

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend into heaven, thou art there,

If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say surely the darkness shall cover me
Even the night shall be light about me."

And Ezekiel, falling prostrate before even "the likeness of the glory of the Lord," Elijah wrapping his face in his mantle at the whispering of that still, small voice, Daniel on the banks of the Ulai—these, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and countless Israelites, teach of an omniscient, omnipresent, eternal God. Neither did the Savior utter a new theory when he thus admonished some who had drifted towards formalism and regarded place more than worship: "God is a spirit, and those that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

It is true, as Ingersoll accuses, that Christ sought to reform many false views, to do away with much that tradition had added to Moses' law, but it is not true that he held the Temple in contempt. In his "Father's house" we find him at the hour of prayer; there he was often heard, reading and expounding the law and the prophets, and from its courts in righteous indignation he drove out the sordid money changers.

It is quite unnecessary to contradict the bold statement that Christ was an enemy of marriage. When the Pharisees tried in vain to tempt him to modify his emphatic words, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder." "For this cause," said he, "shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife."

A more serious charge is it that there is nothing in the New Testament which teaches the duties of a nation to its citizens, nothing of human liberty, of education, science, commerce, music or art—in fact, "nothing to feed or clothe the body, nothing to develop the brain of man."

The New Testament does not profess to contain a code of laws for civil government, neither a treatise upon art, or science or education; its precepts concern our spiritual nature. Yet a closer inspection would have revealed to the careless reader wise laws, simple and concise, providing not only for the feeding and clothing of the body but covering the entire ground of duty to God and man—all that individuals or nations need for their well-being. Individual liberty is wisely coupled with the caution, "as free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness." To "fear God, honor the king, obey magistrates," made good citizens and faithful to duty.

Wholesome, if now, perhaps, unwelcome advice, is given to

women old and young, and to parents and children, masters and servants, laws which looked to their highest good—all resting on that royal law according to the Scripture—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

As to the claims of science, education, etc., one thing has been fairly proven—"A tree is known by its fruit," and wherever Christ's gospel has entered education has closely followed, and all beneficent and blessed arts and industries where ages of Confucian philosophy or Sanscrit lore had left the masses in poverty and ignorance.

That there are four gospels seems to give these new philosophers great uneasiness. "There can be," say they, "only one true account of any occurrence." Why not? We had supposed that all truth-telling men could give a truthful account of the same thing, and that each one writing of the different details as presented to them would rather strengthen than invalidate their testimony. Certainly it is so in secular affairs.

To limit the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to one evangelist is limiting God's ways and means. The Spirit did not, and had no need to change the natural style of the man by whom God would send his message. Sad Jeremiah and fiery Elijah were equally the honored messengers of Jehovah's warnings. That Matthew wrote in parables, and John with eyes looking almost into the many mansions, only gives us a better knowledge of the One whom both adored. If Luke was fond of anecdotes showing the conversion of sinners, and exaltation of the humble, it is no more proof of his being, as Ingersoll thinks, "a kind of anarchist," than that the great-hearted Christians of our own day are anarchists because they love to tell how the teachings of the gospel—yes, of Luke's gospel—have converted sinners, have changed nations of savages into peaceful people; and that the chaldron of the cannibal is no longer a horrible reality, but churches rise, and commerce is possible.

The statement that only in John is found the doctrine of the atonement or salvation by faith strangely overlooks many plain passages in the other three gospels—as: "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." "This is my body which is given for you." "Thou art the Christ." The account of the transfiguration Matthew gives, and all teach in parables the blessings reserved for the believer, the outer darkness for those who reject the Son of God.

Again, Ingersoll fails to do simplest justice to the teachings of Christ when he claims for "inquisitors, witch-burners, child-stealers and Jewish persecutors," the new birth. Professors

they may be, but Christians, never. For Jewish persecution there is no excuse. True Christianity repudiates all persecution, and was the first to stand up for liberty of conscience; but the Jew who now denies Christ spits in contempt at the name of the Savior, is still saying, "his blood be upon us and our children."

The whole spirit of the gospels is misinterpreted by these philosophers, positive in nothing, sure of nothing except that Christ was a myth, the Bible a tissue of lies.

"Miracles," says Ingersoll, "Renan has banished from history." We may be permitted to ask: When? How? It is not denied that the disciples believed them genuine, staked their lives on their truth, suffered martyrdom rather than deny their faith in Jesus and his works. But miracles must be disposed of; no easier way is found than to imagine Christ a sleight-of-hand performer, deceiving the multitudes, and with them his disciples. Because a superstitious, ignorant people expected, desired, the miraculous, Christ, it seems, arranged a series of Hermann-like performances suited to their expectations. We are not told why these pretended miracles always resulted in the good of others rather than his own gain or glory; why they culminated in his painful death, and burial; why the darkness over all the land at a time when no eclipse was possible. Nor is it explained how more than five hundred brethren could have been deceived when recognizing a risen Christ, or why the disciples of the first centuries doubted not an ascended Lord—from the simple fisherman and the scholarly Paul, the learned and pious Christian fathers all were humble believers.

It is a significant fact that there are, after eighteen centuries, still those—and they are neither the few nor the ignorant—who would die rather than give up their hope in a risen Savior; who dare to assert that miracles have not been and never will be banished from history; who, although they lay no claim to being "religiously insane," yet believe in Christ as an *infinite* God and Savior.

Laying aside the sketch with a shudder at the closing blasphemy from Renan, one does not wonder that Ingersoll, looking into the grave of his dead friend, asks: "Will his night be eternal?" and can only answer, "Perhaps."

Mrs. H. C. Cooper.



GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

THE death of General Benjamin F. Butler has removed from public life one of the most unique characters ever known in the United States. He was brilliant, audacious, utterly destitute of moral principle and yet lovable. In his mind he was such a man that one could not help admire him. In his heart he was as kindly a man as ever lived. Yet he will live in memory alongside of that Butler, who, in the Revolution, made havoc in the Carolinas. It is thought that the Tory Butler was an ancestor of General Butler. Their actions were very much alike, and both were hated vigorously by those who suffered from them. Both were, no doubt, of the same ancestry, and with the same instincts.

But let us look at this man as best we can, with all our prejudices softened by the lapse of time. He was not a bad man, though an erratic one. He was not what we of the South painted him, though in some respects he came near to it. He was more of a statesman than a soldier—he could conceive plans which better and braver men might execute—he could execute nothing not conceived in his own brain. Hancock and Wright and Sedgwick in the East; Logan and Thomas and Rosecrans in the West—to say nothing of McClellan and Grant and Sheridan and Sherman—classed far above him in the art of war, and were different beings on the battlefield. When one of them came to the front his presence there was worth a thousand men. Men knew that then the time had come to die, and they were willing to abide the issue of the conflict. To him was no such loyalty. His soldiers understood that he would care for them, and see that they were fed and clothed; but for a leader they looked to some other man. Never was he the inspiration of a victory, the apotheosis of patriotic action.

He was especially a wise man—wise as the serpent, but not so harmless as the dove. A secession Democrat was he, voting for Jefferson Davis as President of the United States. There was no doctrine of the Southern fire-eaters so ultra that he could not gladly give allegiance to it. But when he had encouraged the South to war he wisely knew that their attempt was bound to be a fruitless one. No valor, no self-sacrifice could save them. They might live in history and romance—as indeed they do to-day—but the force that would oppose them was bound to grind them into powder. This he knew as every man who knew the country should have understood. It was supposed that the Yankee would not fight. Butler knew better. Under Cromwell the Yankee had fought among the Ironsides, and the long-haired Cavalier had found his line impregnable. So from the theories of secession he turned to the practical work of raising a regiment for the Union army. He determined to be on the winning side, and knew well where he should cast his lot.

The audacity which characterized him as a lawyer and a politician seems to have forsaken him on the battlefield. Not that he was a coward, exactly; like all men of self-respect he would fight when necessary. But looking, as he always did, to his own interest first he was unwilling to take any chances of defeat. Had he been in Cæsar's place he never would have crossed the Rubicon in arms, but some trusted emissary would have had the Roman senate pass a resolution asking him to march his army to the city's gates. As a general he never met with a disaster, and never won a victory. But he was always entrenched, always an obstacle. Even while he was "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundreds he weakened Lee's army by the number of men required to watch him. It was the subject of laughter at the time, but it was really one of the most effective pieces of strategy known in the war. The gunboats could protect his army, and he was ready to move upon the rear of Richmond at any time. So there must needs be a force to watch him nearly equal to his own. The odds in the field were more than two to one, and he was playing his foe almost an even game. If his men had been with the main army it too would have been upon the same footing as the rest. When the enemy relaxed its vigilance he sallied out, and one of the bloodiest little battles of the war was fought between Richmond and Petersburg for the possession of the plank road. He did not win it, he did not lose it—he merely retired to his place of safety, losing very few more in killed and wounded than his opponent did. It was a sudden affray fought in thick under-

growth where the artillery could do little execution, and there was no chance for rapid charging or accurate firing. So the two armies, with their different modes of fighting, were more nearly on an equality. Had it been fought on a clear field his army would have been swept away or captured.

In derision he was called "bottled Butler," or the "bottle imp," and for many years the cartoonists took great pride in sketching him as rising from a bottle, or glaring through its sides. He was too wise to answer back, although he could.

But the names "Beast Butler," and "Spoon Butler," carried with them a hatred which he was conscious of, and they stung him even though his skin was very callous. It can not be denied that he was a tyrant at New Orleans. It is an established fact that he hung Mulford, and insulted the ladies of that city, and that he permitted—if he did not himself take part in—the robbery from private mansions of family silver, pianos, etc. As to the last charge he has been discreetly silent; to the first two he has made defense. He justifies them on the plea of "military necessity." Mulford had to be hanged to strike terror to the mob. The ladies had to be insulted to keep them from publicly inflaming the passions of the people. He seemed to think that without these extreme measures he would have had something like the Sicilian Vespers to contend against. Perhaps he might; it is too late to revive that question now. But in his own defense—if defense it can be called—he narrates a remark he made in the hearing of some ladies who turned their backs upon him as he passed. It has been in print, but it is too indecent for the pages of this magazine. The whole secret of his New Orleans career seems to be that he was far-seeing, unscrupulous, and lacking any instincts of a gentleman.

His career has been indeed a wonderful one. Diligence, industry, attention to small details, fidelity in every place of trust, have been coupled with a dash and an audacity rarely ever met with, and to all these was added an intellect delicate in its subtleness, and massive as the mountain. He was kind and generous in private life, a friend to the poor, a champion of the weak, a good neighbor, a faithful friend, a true husband, a tender and considerate father. With the body of a frog and a countenance which was in itself a caricature, he forced his way by merit alone to the highest stations in the country. Abused and hated by half the people, abhorred by many of the other half, he became never embittered, and made every foe who met him learn to love him. His was a strange character, a strange career. Let us wrangle no more over his faults: since he has gone before a higher Judge we may remember his many virtues,

and forget those things in which so grievously he did offend. He was a successful American, as the word goes; he died full of wealth and having enjoyed many honors; but fifty years hence, when history shall have become cold as marble and impartial as fate, one would scarcely care to pedigree himself from General Butler.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

AND another death of recent date calls on us for a notice. Quite a different man from General Butler has departed from the world. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, died, and was buried with some degree of ostentation at his home in Fremont. He had been *de facto* President of these United States, to the amazement of every thinking man. Never did destiny so manifest itself before. With admirable qualifications for a justice of the peace or road overseer he became President, and occupied the office with dignity and decency. After that, he raised poultry with commendable success. He was a good citizen, and a decent man. No fraud or theft was ever imputed to him after he assumed the office of President. By the grace of Joe Bradley he occupied the White House. By the grace of God may his soul rest in peace.

THE CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

There is really an American Pope. Cardinal Satolli has come as the Pope's legate to settle affairs in the church here. It used to be thought that the Catholics would burn all our Bibles and burn ourselves at the stake if they had the power to do it. Nowadays we are not afraid of Catholics, and the "old priest" is not used to frighten children as if he were a wolf. We consider the Catholic church calmly and quietly, as we do any other church. It is the old mother church of us all, and when we are Protestants we merely renounce some of its teachings, just as we become "Dissenters" when we do not accord with the Church of England. To us in America, the matter of religion in no wise affects the political complexion of the times. Most of us do not worship God at all as we should do, simply because we are not made to do it by law. Many of us are outspoken unbelievers, and more of us are hypocrites who can not give a reason for the faith which we profess. But to every one of us

comes some religious sentiment, which we can not put away, and to cultivated people the old church is a matter of awe and admiration.

How far Catholicism can consort with liberty has been a matter of discussion for many centuries. Its very name prevents it from being a state church as the Church of England is—if it were peculiar to one country it could not be catholic. It claims for itself a universality that can not be bounded by national lines, and while in the past the Pope's legate has assumed to dictate to kings, and the Pope himself has made emperors wait upon his pleasure, yet always was such authority questioned among true believers. It was excused by them on the ground that it was not the act of the Pope, but merely the man who occupied the papal throne.

However that may have been, it is very certain that in these modern days the temporal power of the Pope does not exist, even in Rome itself. There need be no fear of the exercise of any such power here. The Catholic may manifest his wishes at the ballot box, just as the Protestant does—not elsewhere. We have long since learned that the Catholic is as good a citizen, and as true an American as anybody else. He pays his taxes and goes his way peacefully; he does not seek to burn Jews or Protestants at the stake—in short, he is just about the same sort of a person as the rest of the people except that he pays a little more attention to his religious duties. Of course, many of them go astray and do wrong. Old people are the only good people in the world; and a good old Catholic, and a good old Methodist are about the best people to be found. They are two extremes which nearly meet, and one who does not belong to either church may fairly philosophize about them.

But in the body of the Catholic church, the coming of Monseigneur Satolli has been a subject of much speculation. Why should he come, and for what? Catholics have been excited over this unusual thing, and some of them have been displeased at it. They need not be. While the church does not assume to meddle with our politics yet inside its portals every utterance of the Vatican is law. From that there can be no appeal. When the Sacred College at Rome speaks it is the duty of every true believer to obey. The voice of the church commands one's conscience.

And the Catholic church is in no sense a church of free thought. It claims an infallibility from the consensus of opinion which apostolic ages have handed down to modern times. The true Catholic abides by the decisions of his church—and what the Pope's legate does is law unto him in all spiritual matters.

Satolli is invested with full powers, and his decision on any question here is the decision of the Holy See.

But one of his most important acts is notable. Almost the first thing he did was to lift the ban of excommunication from Dr. McGlynn and to restore him to his rank and functions as a priest. This action was not acceptable to Catholics in America, and to the minds of many of them it can not be justified. "Dr. McGlynn was either right or wrong," they say, "and if the Holy Father placed him beyond the pale of the church, how should he come back without a recantation? He has at no time repented of his offense; he has at no time recanted. Whatever he did, were it right or wrong, stands yet with his indorsement. If it was right to cast him from the fold, how can it be right to take him back again without repentance and confession of his sins?"

In this the Roman Catholic church has changed most radically. While the doctrine remains that the Holy See is infallible, yet in practice that doctrine is disputed. If it did not make a mistake in its anathema against Dr. McGlynn, then why should it restore him to the priesthood? The collective wisdom of the church is greater than that of any one man, but no man can understand where it has not erred in this procedure.

However, the sending of a legate here has a deeper significance to the American people than the mere settlement of Dr. McGlynn's case imports. Hitherto this country has been simply a missionary station. We have been on the same plane with Hindostan or Cambodia. Now we become really a part of the church, governed as the church is everywhere. While the authority of the bishops will be in some sort diminished, yet, perhaps, we will have a freer and more liberal government of the church.

The McGlynn case marks an epoch in church history. Like Dr. Briggs and Dr. Smith he was liberal in his views. Unlike them, he refused to obey the summons of his church and stand his trial before their tribunals. So he was excommunicated, and now he is taken back without apology or confession. Dr. McGlynn became an apostle of the people as against the church and as against society. He remains such and his priestly vestments are restored. While it is true that to St. Peter was given the power of loosing and binding, as well as the keys of heaven, yet it has not been the custom of the Vatican to allow any dissent from its decrees. Martin Luther and John Calvin and John Knox died heretics for less offenses than were committed by Dr. McGlynn. Cranmer recanted, but was burned at the stake.

Is there not, now, something of liberalism creeping into all religions? Are we not beginning to think that possibly none of us know God's purposes as well as God himself knows them? There has been much evil done in the name of the Lord, and maybe in these enlightened days we are beginning to find it out. We have come to consider the pure and contrite heart as of more weight than a mere adherence to some technical doctrine; we are learning that it is better to help the widow and the fatherless than to make many long prayers on the housetops or at the street corners.

This liberalizing of the Catholic church will have weight. It comes not from without, but solely from within, its body. Without pressure and without coercion, Rome has determined on a liberal policy. Rome is wise, as it always has been, and it sees that it must keep step with the progress of the centuries. It can not afford to be an obstacle to the march of intellect. In the past it has fostered genius and preserved the learning of antiquity. In the present it will do its part toward making men better and purer and more fitted for a higher life. Let us not think of that church with prejudice, nor fear its influence. There is in it the seed of all religious life. The Jesuit and the Methodist are twin brothers—each a soldier of the Lord—and John Wesley and Francis Xavier might well clasp hands before the shining throne of heaven. Let us not be fearful; let us only be glad that the old church all of us should love is well established here.

CHARITY.

THIS has been an exceptionally cold winter everywhere. The snow has lain upon the ground for more than a month in temperate latitudes. Everywhere the poor have suffered, and oftentimes have frozen and starved to death. Let us hope that there is some compensation for it. The scientific gentlemen tell us that the cholera microbe can not survive. If that be true we can endure some discomfort in the hope of an aftermath of pleasure. But those people who are freezing and starving care very little whether the cholera comes next summer or not. They are dying now, and whether by cholera or cold it matters little to them. To die is the same in all seasons; to suffer is always a torment to the man who has to bear the suffering. To see the children waste away to skeletons; to hear the dry, hard cough of the wife upon whose cheek the hectic flush has come, and to know that with all this the grate

is fireless and the larder empty makes a man bold to desperation. Suffering makes thieves of men, and worse than thieves of women. It is cheaper always to prevent evil than to punish it. A full stomach may promote indolence but it is an obstacle to vice. You who can help the poor should help them now; the deserving ones first if you can find them, but the undeserving also, lest they become thieves of the night, or cormorants by day.

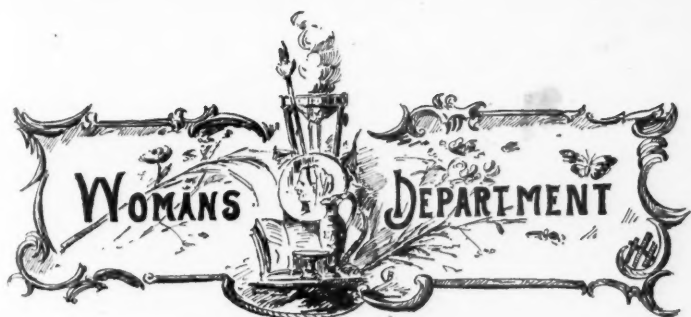
It rains upon the just and the unjust, the sun smiles upon us all; God made every man. You have scarcely yet forgotten the sound of Christmas chimes and the sweet prattle of your children as they found their Christmas gifts. To others the cold, stern wall of fate presents itself, mute and immovable. Let gentleness reign in your hearts, and charity be on your finger tips, and the peace of God which passes all understanding shall rest and abide upon you forever.

SENATOR KENNA'S DEATH.

IN the death of Senator Kenna, West Virginia has lost one of her most promising statesmen and one of her most useful men. With a Scotch-Irish ancestry he was most stubbornly American, and always true to his instincts of right and justice. By such men has our country been builded up, and by such men will our liberties be maintained. No combination of blood has ever produced so potent a race as that of the Scotch and Irish. Both Gaels, but of very different temperaments, they have mingled well and ruled the world. To them the scepter came and they have held it. As to this man there is little to be said, for the daily papers have chronicled his life. He had the love of every one who knew him, and the respect of those who judged him by common rumor. He died in the prime of life without an enemy, and there were tears upon his grave.

MR. BLAINE

Is still upon his sick bed, from which he will never rise. The physicians may talk learnedly about his case—it matters not, he is a dying man. And the heart of every American citizen goes out to him as he suffers and weakens in the clutches of his disease. The subject of abuse, the object oftentimes of hatred, he has survived all these things, and will die beloved and respected by his people. The foremost man of his day, he has endured and suffered and surmounted much. May his sun now set in peace.



FANI PUSEY GOOCH.

FANI PUSEY GOOCH is the daughter of Dr. H. K. Pusey, for many years superintendent of the Central Kentucky Insane Asylum. To her father's unconscious influence, no doubt, she owes not only the choice of a vocation, but also the psychological element which subtly pervades her writings. At a tender age she shared her father's pursuits, entering ardently into his schemes for reform in the treatment of the mind diseased, which have made him a recognized power throughout the State, and for all time.

When she was but nine years of age the little girl began to conjure up and write grewsome tales, at which the sensitive child herself must have shuddered. Three years later we hear of her as the correspondent of a village newspaper. To such purpose did she use her childish pen that, despite its own rules to the contrary, she was received into and made corresponding secretary of a local literary club. Indeed, her cherished recreation was the task from which the average child would shrink.

The insane asylum furnished ample scope for her talent—the more so, perhaps, that, through fear, she was prevented from personal contact with the inmates, so she naturally fell to speculating upon the mental machinery of her fellow-kind.

Fani was educated at Logan College, Russellville, Kentucky—a boarding-school, where she took the degree of A. M. To a professor in that institution she is indebted for the orthography of her first name. An epidemic of reformed spelling was raging at that time, and all the girls of his classes adopted the habit of expressing their own names with the fewest possible letters. Hence, "Fannie" was curtailed to "Fani," and although her classmates abandoned the new method when they left school,

with characteristic loyalty to a favorite instructor, Mrs. Gooch retained the phonetic spelling of her own name.

She remained a happy and devoted member of her father's family at Lakeland, Kentucky, until March, 1889, when she married Mr. Robert Everett Gooch, of Chicago, and removed thither.

After three years in that city, during which they exerted a wide influence for good—sought and admired in social and literary circles—Mr. and Mrs. Gooch returned to Kentucky, taking up their residence in Louisville, where they still remain.

It is no marvel that the evolution of the earnest, intelligent, sympathetic child should be the devout, intellectual, clever woman—a "guide, philosopher, and friend."

As the author of a successful novel, "Miss Mordeck's Father," (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and the writer of many charming short stories, Mrs. Gooch has entered upon a career which her own sense of personal responsibility will hardly fail to burden with a purpose. We predict for our young contributor a brilliant and useful future.

C. Emma Cheney.



CONCERNING NERVES.

There are some things that would be humorous if they were not so intensely the opposite. One of these things is the common way of speaking of women's nerves. There is a constant attempt made to ignore them, but that is impossible since they are very evident and, when jangled and out of tune, cause much discomfort not only to the sufferer herself, but to those in the vicinity. Physicians say that nervous disorders among women are on the increase and they insist that this state of affairs is alarming. In view of this, it would not be a bad idea for somebody to give the public a more accurate knowledge of what real nervousness is. For instance a treatise on "The Rise and Fall of the Nerve," might be written, thickly sprinkling the paper with technical terms, in order that the simple-minded and admiring reader could exclaim, "What a lot this writer knows!"

Or the subject might be taken up in a humorous way by some facetious individual. There is a broad field here. Nervous women cry easily, little things wound them, they are sometimes discouraged over matters of not much moment, and all these little idiosyncrasies could be made to furnish an endless amount of merriment if skillfully treated. Perhaps the best person to write up the subject humorously would be a fresh young reporter on a daily newspaper. One who has not been in the business long, and who, therefore, knows more than he ever will again as long as he lives. There is no end to the ways, in fact, in which the subject could be handled so that the reading public might be instructed and entertained.

Many persons luxuriate in the statement that women are not so nervous as they used to be. They point to the fact that the girls of to-day row boats, play tennis, learn to swim, and in short, really excel in athletic sports. This is only true to a limited extent. A large majority of them indulge in these things a very small part of the year, while a greater number of them never engage in these exercises at all. Another thing that should not be lost sight of—though it frequently seems to be—there are many women alive in the world who are not girls. Once a woman is married, she generally has but little opportunity for amusing gymnastics. Her calisthenic exercises are largely made up of baby-tending, wrestling with inefficient household help (?) and getting the family sewing accomplished. If she adds to these exercises the social duties that devolve on the merely average

woman, she has an accumulated load to roll up hill greater than the fabled stone of Sisyphus.

There is another large class of women of whom still less account is taken. They are the self-supporting women, who have no homes. Perhaps there is no other class of persons who suffer from isolation like this. It seems the more sensitive the organization, the greater the refinement or cultivation, the worse it is for these women. Their sense of isolation and repression can better be imagined than expressed. Yet a lonely woman, especially if she has never been married and is elderly, is considered an amusing object by a large majority of persons. It is not as bad as it used to be, but it is still bad enough, heaven knows.

What is nervousness? If some writers are to be believed genius itself is but an exaggerated case of nerves. A very wise man has risen in the East who endeavors to make nervousness a desirable thing. He says the nerves when in a normal condition have three skins over the tissue. In dull, stupid persons (and indeed, he includes all ordinary commonplace individuals in this class) these skins are thick and tough, but if one of the layers is peeled off, the possessor of this sort of nervous system is a genius. He then has the imagination of an artist or a writer. By removing the third skin, he will become cognizant of ghostly creatures; of beings that have no natural, earthly life. Though the writer does not so express himself it may be that the visions of the Scotch seers and the astral bodies spoken of by theosophists, are only perceptible to those persons who have had this third peeling of the optic nerve.

The possibilities thus opened up are not pleasant. Every one might have his own private particular ghost. And that condition of affairs will never be universally yearned after. The story of the college professor who constantly saw a black dog near him will be remembered by some reader. The professor was suffering from nervousness due to overwork, when this dog was first presented to his sight. A dog may or may not be a disagreeable object. It depends altogether on the point of view. In this case the canine was a dread and a terror. He was constantly seen in the most unlikely places, and under the most improbable circumstances. No reasoning or argument could persuade the unhappy man that he did not actually see the dog. The sequel of the story is that the professor died in a lunatic asylum. Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology" is full of instances like the above, while a French writer has recently published an account of his continually seeing a man in his apartment

seated in a chair. That is, if no one else save himself is in the room. But if a second person is there, the unreal individual absents himself. The writer says that he wishes to marry in order that he can have some one else in the room when it is necessary for him to enter it, and declares with delicious frankness that no other consideration would induce him to wed.

From some of the above instances it can be seen that men also suffer from nerves, though more infrequently than women. There is usually a difference made when speaking of a man and woman who are suffering from over-taxed nerves. In the first case, he is an object of commiseration. If a clergyman, he is usually given a vacation that he may recuperate his shattered system. But if it is a woman—pshaw! It is only the outcome of the weakness of her sex, and excites contempt even though the fine scorn is veiled by affectionate solicitude.

Any one will remember the description that Charles Dickens gives of a London cab-horse. When the jaded condition of the animal was pointed out to his driver, the man describes the method of keeping a worn out horse going: "We reins him in werry tight," so he can not fall down, and then he is whipped into traveling in spite of himself till he drops in the shafts from exhaustion. Circumstances or environment often have this reining-in, whipping-up effect on a woman, and she continues to go till some day she drops like the cab-horse.

One thing that can be noticed in regard to the treatment of the persons under consideration is the heroic method often used by solicitous friends. If there is a sore spot in the mind or heart of the sufferer, then the salt of kindly criticism or well-meant advice is rubbed over the abraded surface, just where it is raw and will hurt the worst.

The best possible advice to be given a woman who is contemplating nervous prostration is to tell her—don't! It does not pay in any respect. She can go right on to a green old age suffering with nervous prostration and receive no appreciable results. There is not any possible way for her to extract an atom of enjoyment from the situation.

The best preventive and cure for nervousness is happiness. This may sound like irony spoken to some women under some

circumstances. It might seem like the advice given by a physician to a poverty-stricken sewing-woman who had applied to him for advice :

"Madam," said he, "you should drop everything and rest for a year or two. I would also advise you to spend the winter in Florida. Or, better still, go to Cuba or Nassau for six months." Yet this poor woman was so devoid of a sense of humor that she saw nothing comic in the situation.

Yet something can be done by everybody to make life enjoyable. Probably the best way is to do something toward making some one else happy. Anybody can do a little of that sort of thing, even though it is only to "Help lame dogs over a stile," as Charles Kingsley has it.

It would be rather a good thing to have an organization effected for *The Prevention of Nervousness Among Women*. It might solicit members among those husbands who carefully abstain from evidences of affection for their wives. Many men are very profuse in their declarations of love during the days of courtship, and they fancy it is not worth while to go on repeating themselves after marriage. But women are so imbecile in love affairs that way of doing does not satisfy them.

The world is not a bad kind of place after all. There is as much sunshine as storm. In spite of the fall of man, the flowers still bloom, the birds sing, and children laugh. As long as this is true, the universe can not be what Balzac describes it, "A gray, cheerless waste where bats flit at eventide."

No matter what the pessimist says, there is friendship, affection and love, and these things make a heaven even in this old world.

Not infrequently it is the lack of these essentials that is the primary cause of a woman's nervousness.

Angele Crippen.



INTOXICATION.

"I'm weeping for Willie to-night,"
Thus sang a maiden true,
For maidens have their Willies
As well as drunkards do.

THEY ARE ALL BANKERS.

The richest family in the world is the Frog family—they
have the most greenbacks.

SOMEWHAT PARADOXICAL.

The frog is more pond-erous than the elephant.

A RARA AVIS.

A canary bird is the most sing-ular kind.

BUT MAY BE LESS DANGEROUS.

An alligator has more snap than the best business man in the
world.

DO NOT PRESS THE BUTTON ON HIS TAIL.

The snake that is the easiest rattled is the hardest to run.

HUMOROUS.

SHE PLAYS TO WIN.

JEFFREYS—Was that your wife you were walking with yesterday?

JUDSON—Yes. Why?

JEFFREYS—I don't want to hurt your feelings, old boy, but I'll swear she looks like a prize fighter.

JUDSON—Oh! that's all right, that's exactly what she is. She belongs to a progressive euchre club.

A SILHOUETTE.

She is a Southern girl—
 Her hair has many a curl—
 Her teeth outshine the fairest pearl—
 Her shoes are number eight—
 On the table she does wait—
 She is black, but still a Southern girl.

SOMETHING FOR WOMEN TO GO BY.

A woman at an auction sale wears her most for-bidding expression.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

"The hand that rocks the cradle,"
 If the baby it would save,
 Must spank the little darling
 From the cradle to the grave.

A CAUTIOUS WOMAN.

HEILMAN—What makes that Smith girl wear that dress on the street all the time?

HAYDEN—I guess she is afraid the police would arrest her if she didn't.

SHE WAS INFALLIBLE.

HE—Miss Cable, do you ever tell fibs?

MISS CABLE—Yes, indeed! I can tell them every time. You have never fooled me once.

George Griffith Fetter.

SHE HADN'T PRACTICED FOR A (Y)EAR.



NEAR-SIGHTED ARCHER—"Hello! who could have put my target way out there; I wonder if I can hit the bull's eye from here!"



She didn't quite do it, but made an admirable attempt.—Judge's Library.

MISSIONARY—Was it liquor that brought you to this?

IMPRISONED BURGLAR—No, sir; it was house-cleanin'—spring house-cleanin', sir.

MISSIONARY—Eh? House-cleaning?

BURGLAR—Yessir. The woman had been house-cleanin' and th' stair-carpet was up, an' th' folks heard me.—*New York Weekly*.

JESS—I wouldn't let a nasty, horrid man kiss me? Would you?

BESS—Certainly not; I don't know any of that kind.—*New York Herald*.

"Were you at the seashore last summer, Polly?"

"Only for a day."

"Did you bathe?"

"No. Somebody else was using the ocean when we were there."—*Harper's Bazar*.

There is a sign on the entrance to a cemetery at North Wales, Montgomery county, which reads: "No admittance except on business."—*Philadelphia Record*.

WOULDN'T LOOK WELL.

YOUNG LADY—How much?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR—Twenty-five cents.

"For that one word 'yes'?"

"Yes'm. Same price for ten words or less. You can repeat the 'yes' ten times if you wish."

"Um—n—o, that would hardly look well. It's an answer to a proposal of marriage."—*New York Weekly*.

WHICH WAS IT?

The mother of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in the yard.

"Which of you two boys am I talking to?" asked the mother; "is it you or your brother?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired the lad prudently.

"Because if it is your brother I'll box his ears."

"It is not my brother; it is I."

"Then your brother is wearing your coat, because yours had a hole in it."

"No, mother, I'm wearing my own coat."

"Good heavens!" shrieked the mother, looking at him intently; "you are your brother, after all."—*Texas Siftings*.

BOOK NOTICES.

"STUDIES LITERARY AND SOCIAL." By Richard Malcolm Johnson. Bowen Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The author has demonstrated that he can write essays as well as tell stories. "The Extremity of Satire" is an admirable paper. He acknowledges the artistic value of the character of Rebecca Sharp without losing sight of the harm done by such a clever creation. The average person, one who reads for amusement, is usually too hurried, or too indifferent, to pause to distinguish. He simply reads of a clever woman with nothing to recommend her, who wins a good many prizes in life, and in the end settles down into respectable widowhood and general comfort. There is not a redeeming quality in the character from beginning to end. The reader is told that "virtue is worth not even as much as a semblance that is suspected and almost known to be false." And he is left to draw his own conclusions.

The character of Pendennis also comes in for a share of honest criticism. A cavalier might say that it is a thankless task to take up works that have already become classic fiction, but it should be remembered that Thackeray is continually being read by a new generation, and it is a good thing to have a writer honest and pure as is Mr. Page, who is competent to see these moral blemishes, and is not awed into silence by the great English writer's splendid genius.

For the essay "The Audacity of Goethe," Mr. Nelson deserves special thanks. While, of course, recognizing Goethe's genius, he tells the truth about him with most refreshing candor. He says this immortal genius was "the most exquisitely, imperturbably, continuously selfish mortal that has ever lived in this world, at least among those of, or in approximation to, his own social and intellectual rank."

There is a class of persons who seem to think that a great genius must not be judged by the same rules as the rest of mankind. Mr. Nelson evidently does not belong to this class. In his eyes, a man who was as profligate as Goethe, as heartless, cruel and unfeeling in his treatment of woman, is as despicable as though he were the meanest peasant.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press another volume by Madison Cawein, entitled "RED LEAVES AND ROSES." It is announced that the volume will be out early in February. It is made up principally of poems, idyllic and lyrical, most of them descriptive of Kentucky landscape and life, with a few new world and old world lyrics and idyls.

"NARCISSUS AND OTHER POEMS." By Walter Malone. From J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. An unpretentious little volume, with some very good bits of versification.

"DON ORSINO." By F. Marion Crawford. MacMillan & Co., New York. The book begins with an interesting and somewhat comprehensive description of the state of Italian politics. The characterization of the story is most admirable. Mr. Crawford has a style of telling a story that is as mellow as some rare old vintage, it flows along so smoothly and easily.

The story, as a story, is unsatisfactory, but Mr. Crawford himself speaks of the book as being a study of the young man of this transition period, and leaves the reader to infer that the tale is of minor importance compared to the study of character.

"AULD LIGHT IDYLS." By J. M. Barrie. From Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City.

Mr. Barrie is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable writers of to-day. The purely descriptive passages in this book are delicious. The first chapter is worth the price of the volume. Its familiar colloquial way of telling about a snow-storm among the Scottish hills is worth reading again and again. His word-painting of landscapes makes him rank with White, or Selbourne, with John Burroughs, and Thoreau.

Most of the other essays are character sketches, and are pictures in black and white of a sturdy, self-reliant people with very little sentiment, to whom any show of affection for another was a sign of weakness. When one of the characters in the book shows at attempt to break through these iron-bound customs, the story wrings the heart of the reader. For instance, take the tale of "Cree Query, and

Mysy Drolly," a scissors-grinder and his mother. It begins: "The children used to fling stones at Grinder Querry because he loved his mother." And a letter that the mother wrote her son runs thus: "Oh, my son Cree! Oh, my beloved son; oh, I have none but you; oh, God, watch over my Cree!" The extreme simplicity and homeliness of the material in this sketch make it effective.

In "A Literary Club," mention is made of an itinerant match-seller who loved books. "He was a wizened, shivering old man, often barefooted, wearing at the best a thin, ragged coat that had been black, but was now green with age. He brought Bacon and Adam Smith to *Thrums* and loved to recite long screeds from Spenser. Of Jamie's death I do not care to write. He went without many a dinner in order to buy a book." Received through Flexner Bros., Louisville, Kentucky.

Among the books to be given to the reading public early in the spring will be "PARADISE OF ENGLISH POETRY," by H. C. Beeching. This is a collection of poems somewhat in the same style as the one compiled by Charles Dana, or that of Henry Y. Coats.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton has a work in press on "DRAWING AND ENGRAVING."

"THE CENTENARY OF KENTUCKY" is the seventh number of the Filson Club publications. It comes through the publishers, John P. Morton & Co., Louisville. The book is most handsomely bound in pale gray-blue, and has beautiful, clear type, with portraits of the president of the club, Colonel R. T. Durrett, and of Henry T. Stanton. It contains an account of the Centenary Celebration of Kentucky, especially the very comprehensive address of the president, which was a history of the State from the beginning, and therefore of interest to every Kentuckian. The poem of Henry T. Stanton is included, and the various addresses given by distinguished gentlemen who are members of the Filson Club.

"A MUTE CONFESSOR." By Will H. Harben. From Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. A very readable Southern love story, whose writer gives promise of doing better work in the future.

"LOVE SONGS OF ENGLISH POETS." By Ralph H. Cain. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A most beautiful collection of lyrics, bound in white and gold, with a frontispiece of Cupid after *Angelica Kauffman*.

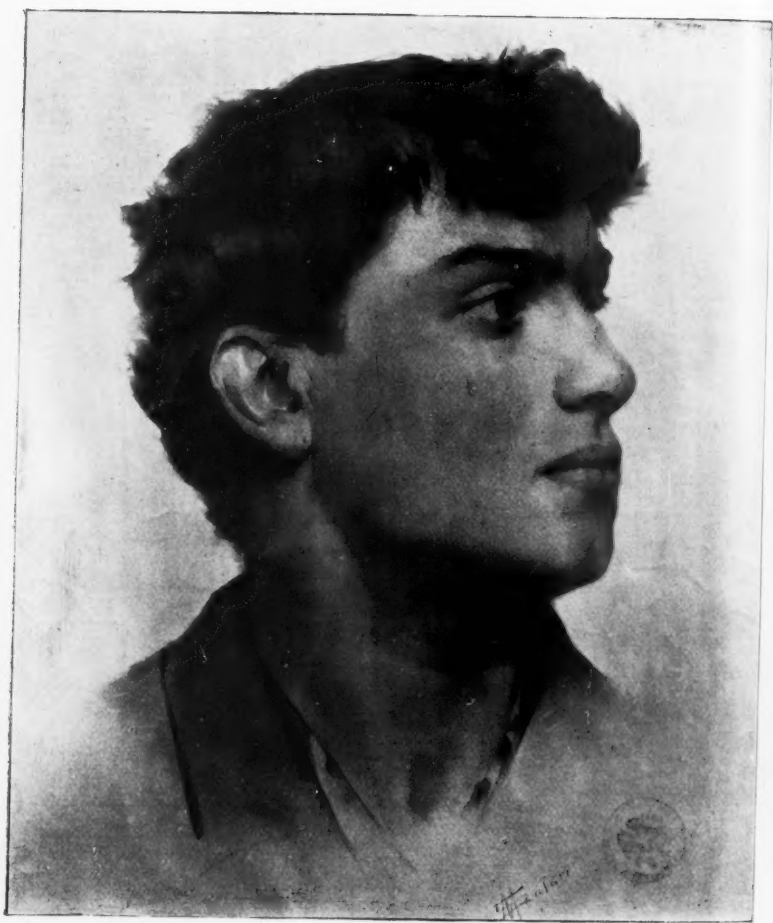
"IN SUNFLOWER LAND; STORIES OF GOD'S OWN COUNTRY." By Roswell Martin Field. From F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.

"A MODERN QUIXOTE." By S. C. McKay. From Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

"THE BERKELEYS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS." By Molly Elliot Seawell. From D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

"'GAINST WIND AND TIDE." By Nellie Talbott Kincaid. From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Illinois.





DRAWN BY MISS MARIE SOLARI.

AN ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.